



LECTURES
AND
ADDRESSES
BY
JOHN DE FRAINE



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LECTURES AND ADDRESSES

BY

JOHN DE FRAINE.
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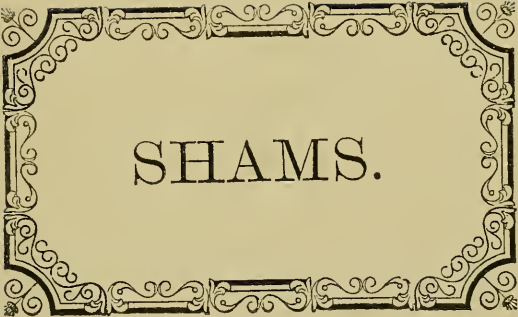
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“ Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.”

Tennyson.



SHAMS.

S H A M S .

DO not say I am not mistaken, but for a very long time I have thought that some of our modern shams are doing more than anything else to warp us from what Tennyson most beautifully calls "the living truth," and to eat away the manliness and the womanliness of the common people. When I think of the foppery and affectation—the apery and pretence—the white-washed respectability—how people pinch and screw merely to appear genteel—how servant girls spend every penny they earn on finery and vanity—how many of our young men prefer a brass ring on their fingers and a bad cigar in their mouth, to naturalness in their manners and common sense in their brains—how we worship the full purse—how modest merit often gets kicked into the gutter—how we do not care if the platter be clean outside, though inwardly it should be full of all manner of foulness and leprousy—and seeing all these things, I think a voice comes to those men, who aspire to be public or private

teachers, and the voice says: Cry aloud, expose these weaknesses, denounce these shams, say a word for honest worth, teach the people to hate falsehood, refine their sense of honour, speak for the tender sanctities of home—for love and virtue—so that their voices may be heard in gentle rhythm or in solemn cadence, making music all day long, teaching us—prince or peasant, ploughman or poet, lofty genius or lowly plodder, proclaimer from the pulpit or opener merely of the pew doors—that righteousness alone can exalt a nation, and that here too, in our daily life, the truth alone can make men brave and free!

There's a gospel in these days, not according to the four Evangelists, but according to Mrs. Grundy. The highest ambition is to show off. Every Smith wants to astonish the Browns, and every Jones to out-do the Robinsons.

“We eat, and drink, and dine, and plod,
And go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,
But many more of Mrs. Grundy.”

There's a sham called “Keeping up appearances.” It has brought in the age of brass, and lacker, and a barrow load of Brunimagem jewelery for a five pound note. It's the father of moral stucco, and of much gilding to very sorry and very inferior gingerbread. Of course we are constantly taken in, and there's a good deal of rough, healthy common sense in the story of the two negroes. “Sambo, where you get dat watch from I see you wear at meeting last Sunday?” “How you know I hab a watch nigger?” “Cause I see de chain hang out—cause I see de chain hang out.” “Get out o' de way way, nigger; get out o' de way. If ye was to see a halter round my neck should you tink dere was a horse inside ob me?” But

then you know some persons will *seem*. We had a man in my native town who walked ten miles full north to borrow a horse to ride five miles full south. These persons are always panting to play the big fiddle. Life with them is one long struggle, and that is the old struggle of the frog trying to swell itself to the dimensions of an ox. I was staying some years ago with a most excellent clergyman, in Durham county, and he told me that one morning, when he stood on the lawn in front of his house, he saw coming up one of the gravel paths a very showily dressed young lady. He was near-sighted, and couldn't tell who it was; but he raised his hat immediately; and then the young lady said: "It's only me, if you please, sir; it's nobody but me, if you please, sir; it's only Sarah, if you please, sir!" Oh, my dear friends, accustomed to get nervous in the presence of some of our modern gentility, that jumps up, like a mushroom in a night—nobody knows from whence—don't, if you please. It isn't the big fiddle they're playing; it's only a twopenny ha'penny trumpet of their own petty invention. It isn't an ox; it's only a human frog, puffed up with a parish beadle kind of dignity. It isn't my lady, gracious in manners, refined in mind, noble in mien; "it's only me, if you please, sir; it's nobody but me, if you please, sir; it's only Sarah, if you please, sir!" When I was a boy at school how these shams puzzled me. I thought it was a sham when the landlady of the "Blue Duck" bought in a rickety pianoforte, and set her youngest daughter, of nine-and-twenty, to learn to play, because she was about to marry a dandified young tobacconist, who wore five rings on his little finger, and was master of an establishment, consisting of two rooms and a commodious attic! I thought it was a sham when the great little folk

gave themselves airs—would be leaders—said: “I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no little dog ever presume to bark”—who were stuck up with pride, and, unfortunately, knocked down by poverty; and who, very likely, had all the elements of fine ladies and gentlemen, except two very important ones, namely, the means and the manners:—said individuals always reminding me of good Adam Clarke’s story of the man who wrote his own autobiography, and there were so many I’s in it, they had to send a printer’s man round with a wheelbarrow to collect I’s from all the people in the county. But what are you in these days unless you can cut a dash? Here’s all the world dying for show and shine. People who can afford honest pewter must have nickel silver to-morrow morning, though they should run into debt for it; folk who might drive to market in a gig, and pay for that, want next week to start a brougham, and get somebody else to pay for it; those who might give you home-brew’d or “sweet, caller water,” prefer poisoning you with what the newspapers every morning call “a rich flavoured and very full-bodied Port, at one and threepence ha’penny a bottle.” Your errand boy must do the grand on Sundays, and must have a cane in his hand, a penny cigar in his mouth, and a brass ring on his finger; the lady who bought old rags in Fryingpan Lane yesterday will be down at Ramsgate to-morrow, resplendent in red satin and purple velvet; and your green-grocer’s wife, round the corner, will be at church or chapel next Sunday, in magenta and blue watered silk; servant maids, who ought to be thinking about the Post Office Savings Bank, will be thinking about three-farthing bits of finery; and servant maids’ mistresses—who ought to know better, seeing that life is so short,

and the art of it so difficult to learn—will spend the days as they flit by in playing at moral bo-peep with Mrs. Grundy, and keeping up the old, sad, and mad struggle of trying to dress a little better and look a little better than their next-door neighbour. So have I seen worthy success marred by unworthy ways. Tabbs, the retired tallow chandler, and Boggs, the ex-tinman, treating with disdain the very class from which they had risen, and leading their children to vulgar affectation and genteel tom-foolery. Rather than that, give me the noble spirit of the noble Lord Chief Justice Tenterden, when he took his son in front of the poor barber's shop at Canterbury, and, with glowing pride, showed him the place where his grandfather had once shaved for a penny. When Andrew Johnson, a late President of America, was delivering a speech, a fool in the crowd (who had put his brains into a quart pot, and left them there, as fools are apt to do in my day), cried out that Johnson, who was delivering the speech, "had once been a tailor;" to which Johnson replied: "Gentlemen, the man speaks truth; but when I was a tailor I was said to be the best stitcher in the town!" Ladies and gentlemen, don't come here to-night to tell me what a man *has* been; come and tell me what he *is*. If he has conquered an adverse fate; if he has borne the blows and broken the bars of evil circumstance; if he has mastered the defects of early education; if he has triumphed over cruel wrong; if he has lived down the sorrow and defeat of bygone years; if, above the ashes of a wasted and ruined past, he has risen to newness of life; and, taking his poor five talents, has by toil, and tears, and righteousness, and bravery in these common days, added other five to them, and given God the glory—honour that

man wherever you may find him, for it is such as he who will strengthen this nation, and make this old England more than ever the land of the brave and the free.

But you will never get this till you get rid of your sham men. Fanny Fern says she walked down a street in Boston, in America, and she looked in a shoemaker's window, and there she saw a piece of card board, with the words printed on it:

"MEN WANTED."

"Ah," she says, "they *are* wanted!" There are plenty of spurious imitations in the market, and in these days of innumerable shams, tell me if we haven't got plenty of sham men? Some of them low, coarse, brutal, unmannerly, given up to the beershop and their own dirty and contemptible selfishness; some of them dwarfed with conceit, who tell you they live in the nineteenth century, when there is the march of intellect and the cultivation of fine ideas; who tell you they know what's what, and that they are up to a thing or two; who look upon everybody in years as a fool, or a fogey, or a buffer; and who think they themselves are the men, and that wisdom will die with them. Oh, its no doubt very wonderful what some of our young men know, but in all probability its a great deal more wonderful what they don't know. Boys of sixteen thinking themselves too old to be in leading strings—fancying it rather manly to be cheeky, and talk slang, and stick a short pipe in their mouths. I don't blame the boys altogether for that; I blame their parents that they don't break the pipes, and send such precocity to bed, and keep it there till it has learnt better behaviour. Then, in the large towns and cities especially, we have the electro-plated and highly gilded young gentle-

men, who wear such flash jewelery, and talk so loud, and dress so large; and if I meet them accidentally in omnibus or railway carriage, they affect to be sprigs of the aristocracy, when they are only junior clerks at a pill shop round the corner, and masters of the aristocratic income of sixteen shillings and six pence a week. The electro-plated and highly gilded young gentlemen, who were never guilty of a thought in life, and most likely never will be, beyond the cut of their coat and the shape of their whiskers; and who, when both the tailor and barber have done with them, bear often a strong resemblance to a Cochin China fowl, and would'nt make bad general scare-crows. Against all these shams, what should be the cry of pulpit and platform teachers; what should be the cry of all those who desire the elevation of human kind, but just this:—"Give us men! give us men! rough and rugged, if needs be; the hand hard and horny, and the fingers crooked with daily toil, if only the heart be sound and the life be very brave and pure. Give us men! like that blacksmith Longfellow sings to us about, who each morning saw some work begin, each evening seeing it close. Give us men! like that Miller of Dee, who stood up before the King, and sang:—

"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my little children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill, that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

Give us men! diligent in business, honest at the counter, upright in factories, faithful in senate houses, earnest in the pulpit. Give us men!

ennobled by character, by magnanimous courage, by unsullied fame, by lofty integrity, by loftier faith in truth, and trust in God and His dear Son.

“What care I how rich you be?

I love you if your thoughts are pure.

What signifies your poverty

If you can suffer and endure?

’Tis not the birds that make the spring,

Nor yet the crown that makes the king;

If you are wise, and good, and just,

You’ve riches better than all other;

Give me your hand, you shall, you must,

I love you as a brother.”

That leads me to an entirely different kind of sham, and it is this:—If I take up a local newspaper, and run my eyes down the columns, I shall come to what I think is going to turn out a remarkably edifying and instructive bit of business. So I read as follows:—“The age in which we live is distinguished for its enquiring spirit—knowledge is the pioneer of civilization—science confers blessings upon the human family; but of all modern inventions, the greatest is Snoggings’ and Groggins’ Edumdidumdo, or Patent Varnish for Leather Horse Collars.” One of the most original puffs of that kind I ever met with, I found in the *Leeds Mercury* when I was down in Yorkshire lecturing some years ago. Every morning for a week this advertisement appeared:—“X. L. will deliver an Oration on ‘Humbug,’ at the Pudsey Institution. Admission Free. N.B.—Briggs’s Patent Starch.” They stopped the advertisement for a few days, then this appeared:—“The Committee of the Pudsey Institution return their heart-felt thanks to X. L. for his spirit-stirring lecture, delivered last night, at which all the ladies of the neighbourhood unanimously resolved that they would henceforward

and for ever use only Briggs's Patent Starch." Pray look down the advertisement sheet for a study of shams. Here's a fortune for twelve stamps—French in a fortnight for eighteen pence—German, without a master, for half-a-crown, in three weeks—short cuts to knowledge, and much shorter ones to wealth and renown. A friend of mine saw an advertisement in a paper, which stated that any person forwarding five shillings to a certain address should get a receipt for making two guineas a week. My friend put sixty penny stamps into an envelope, and got this for reply:—"Get twelve potatoes—wash them—par-boil them—roast them—put them into a clean piece of flannel; then into a basket—go into the streets on cold, frosty nights, and if you can sell enough of them you'll make two guineas a week." Pray keep to the advertisement sheet. Here's seventy-five per cent. for all money invested in the Royal Cornish Tinky Te Mines. Any person forwarding two hundred pounds immediately to the "Imperial Egg-shell and Cabbage-stem, or Diddle-the-money-out-of-your-pocket Company," may secure a permanent income for life. Pills warranted to cure every ill to which flesh is heir; extracts of Peach Blossom, much in request, for preserving fading beauty, and making the old look a great deal fresher than the young again; preparations for baldness, so effectual that a box having been rubbed into a barber's wooden block, it was discovered, in less than six weeks, to be covered with luxuriant and beautiful jet black hair. Oh, John Bull, when thou art deceived by such shams as these, John De Fraine says: great indeed is thy gullibility. But the cry of the age is for this nonsense. You can hardly get a thing to go down unless you give it a fine name. Here's the popular singer, whose real name, for anything

I know to the contrary, may be Mary Stobbs or Selina Dobbs, christens herself on flaming handbills all over the city, "The Madame Agelina Sophia Castaglioni Sepherina." Aspiring gentility gets into four-roomed cottages, and immediately calls them "Lodges" and "Villas." Some of the names sadly belie themselves in town and country too. There's Paradise Row, where the folk are quarrelling and fighting from Monday morning till Saturday night; Orchard Lane, and you might walk seven miles straight through London without ever scenting an apple tree; Prospect Place, the prospect in all probability being three dust heaps, and a brick wall nine feet high. Shops, nineteen feet by nine, are "Emporiums;" a day school is a Young Ladies College; the man who buys the rags and bones at the back door will bloom in the front street into a Marine Store Merchant; a corn cutter is a Chiropodist; a conjuror's platform a *Psychemantheum*. When I am in London I go down the busy thoroughfares of that most wonderful of all cities, to renew the olden lessons of my youth. There, round certain establishments of plate glass and polished mahogany, I saw the other day the same kind of crowd that I used to see seventeen and eighteen years ago. I looked up, and there were the old bills that had been re-posted and re-pasted so many times; but they were always there—from top to bottom—from roof to floor, and all over the windows:—"Selling off!" "Must be cleared out in a few days!" They were selling off at those places eighteen years ago, and, to my certain knowledge, have been doing it every hour down to the present one—"At an alarming sacrifice!" "At less than cost price!" Oh, what benevolent gentlemen these must be, who buy articles, wholesale, at fifteen shillings apiece, and

then retail them over the counter to a confiding British public for exactly three half-crowns. Plate glass, polished mahogany, burnished brass, pendant chandelier ! My little children would go up from our Cambridgeshire village, and seeing these places lit up at night time, would think them homes and palaces of the fairies. Then I took up the *Times* newspaper, and there I read this letter :—Letter from Miss Ellen Barley, the Secretary of the Institution for Poor Needlewomen at Hinde Street, Manchester Square. “ Sir,—One of our poor women, broken down by care and want, applied yesterday for work at a noted selling-off shop in the city. The manager gave her four holland coats to make. It took her seven hours unceasing work to make one coat, and the payment that poor creature received was twopence farthing.” Exactly five weeks after that did I take up the *Morning Standard* now in existence, and the *Morning Star* then in existence, and there I read of a girl who had been as well educated as any young lady, who has kindly come here to listen to me to-night, and is now listening to me with such gracious and generous patience. She had been brought up in the home of an English gentleman, and had lost every friend in the world save one sister. They were reduced to direst poverty, and made shirts in that great world of London, for two shillings a dozen : dying one of them, at the early age of twenty-four, in youth and beauty, of starvation. A room, the *Morning Standard* said, with no furniture in it, save a borrowed broken chair, a rotten piece of oil cloth on the floor—a sick sister in one corner, and a dead one in the other. Yes ! run to and fro, and vex your brains with shallow, wire-drawn hobbies in social science ; but tell me how much sweat of life and limb it takes to pay for

some of the plate glass, and to light up some of the dangling chandeliers. Oh, where's poor Tom Hood—sleeping under the spired grass in Kensal Green, with the stars shining in their olden and solemn splendour above his dust, as I saw them shining above my head when I walked to this hall—to sing as only he could sing:—

“Oh, men with sisters dear,
Oh, men with mothers and wives;
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.
Stitch, stitch, stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!
But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone!
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own;
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep,
O God that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap.”

Then there's another Sham, and I have called that the *Sensation Shams*. We live in the day of sensation novelists, sensation politicians, sensation reformers, and I am sorry to be obliged to add, in some places, sensation preachers of the Gospel. The popular novel if you want it to go into seventeen editions in as many weeks, must contain an account of half-a-dozen murders, and before you have read seventy pages, give a graphic and refreshing description, of nearly twenty persons, who have either hung themselves or cut their throats. The gentlemen who draw crowds to the Assembly Rooms and the Music Halls are Ceiling Flyers, Nigger Singers,

Perfect Cures, Giants nineteen feet high, Dwarfs that you put, man and wife, into your waistcoat pocket together, Performers who cook a pancake on a tight rope 160 feet in in the air. At a London Music Hall some time ago a man drew a crowd of persons, night after night, to hear him imitate the crows of a cock and the grunt of a pig. Lofty entertainment for an intellectual people! And at Birmingham not long since a man was welcomed with vociferous applause in the singing of a song, the chorus and refrain of which ran :

“ I think I have seen you before ;

I fancy I've seen you before ;

Your face seems to be quite familiar to me,

I fancy I've seen you before.”

What do Secretaries of the local Literary and Mechanics' Institutions tell me? I have lectured at a great number of Mechanics' Institutions all over the Kingdom, from Plymouth to Aberdeen, and what do the Secretaries everywhere say? They say: “ Oh, Mr. De Fraine, when Professor Ridley-dinkum comes with the performing dogs and monkeys the place gets crowded to suffocation, and the people pay two shillings and three shillings for the front seats; and when the gentlemen who black their faces come, and sing comic songs, and stand upon their heads, and turn themselves inside out, there's no lack of enthusiasm; but if we engage a man to lecture upon Astronomy, or Chemistry, or Locomotion, or the Sciences, then the people dribble in by twos and threes, with faces nearly as long as a fiddle, and looking as if the Committee ought to be everlastingly obliged to them for being there at all.” At the Crystal Palace you might get hundreds, probably, to hear readings from the sweetest, and tenderest, and noblest of modern poets; but the next day you would get 47,000

present to see the pancake cooked on the tight rope I have referred to, 150 feet in the air. A year or two ago a man performing on the high rope over-balanced himself, and fell into a net-work of cord and rope, prepared to receive him, through which he broke, and came down to the floor, thirty feet beneath, amidst the shrieks and the screams of the ladies who were present. But why were the ladies present? And why should it be any more exciting to see a man on a rope 200 feet in the air than to see him on a rope two feet in the air, unless it be the prospect and the hope that the fellow will over-balance himself, and come down, and break his neck, amidst the shrieks and the screams of those who may happen to be present.

Then there's another sham, and I call that the Talk Sham. Many years ago I remember seeing a late Lord Chancellor of England—the late Lord Westbury—when he was plain Richard Bethell, canvassing the free and independent electors of my native town, Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire; and I remember seeing him in exquisite lavender kid gloves, that had just been taken from the box, shake hands with a drunken chimney sweep, who had just been taken from the gutter, and I thought that was a sham. Oh, north-east wind! you never blew louder than do some of our great agitators; but by and bye if you put into their noisy, chattering mouths the soft, juicy sugar plums of office, then your wild, skittish animals, that no man could tame, will soon get broken to official harness, and bloom presently into the pliant, the ingenious, and the facile ministers. See what mere noise has done for what fine political speakers have been calling “the masses.” I hear them shout on the Market Hill for liberty, and I know that some of them are prepared to knock down with their fists the first man who

differs from them. They call themselves financial reformers, and it's a positive fact that some of them couldn't give you change for a threepenny bit. They sit round the tap room fire and sing noisy songs about "The Roast Beef of Old England," and then go home to their own firesides and dine off the sirloin of a red herring! Sensible fellows! they can put my Lord Derby, and Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli to the rightabout in less than ten minutes, and they know more than all the legislators who ever passed through the door of St. Stephen's; but they haven't learnt the philosophy of keeping clear of the pawn shop, or acquiring the money to buy a new pair of shoes with. Common sense, which I think is the most *uncommon* of all sorts of sense in the world, says:—If you want the city to be decent teach every man to sweep his own doorway clean. If the people are for reform why don't they sometimes keep quiet and go home to be the reformers of their own manners, and the legislators for their own lives and their own firesides. There are such a lot of these talk shams. I always think it's a sham, on a small scale, when a boy tells me he prefers school to play, or "an angelically good little girl" would much rather take a four page tract than a juicy jam tart or a hot mince pie. I always think it's a sham when people sign petitions, as long as my arm, against running one train on Sunday, and at the same time persist in being driven twice to church, or three times to chapel in their own carriage. I always think it's a sham in Mrs. Bumbledon's parlour or Mrs. Fizzigiggins's drawing room, when a lady of great beauty, and even greater talent, is entreated, nay begged of to advance to a certain instrument, and give forth delicious sounds; and immediately the young lady begins to play all the

well-dressed, and well-behaved, and well-bred people in the room commence to chatter so loudly that it's almost impossible to hear seventeen notes of the performance; and immediately the young lady has finished they all break out into a chorus of: "Oh! thank you, thank you, thank you." That's because she's left off I suppose. I always think it's a sham when we are so hard upon poor hungry Jack Spriggs for stealing a bunch of turnips and haven't got a word to say against gigantic rogues and big speculating swindlers, who put up their fine houses and villas—paid for with the tears and cries of the fatherless and widows. I always think it's a sham when we come down with heavy blows upon poor, vain, ignorant Betty Perks, the servant maid, because she slipped out of the kitchen door with a gaudy ribbon and a flash bonnet on her head, and raise no voice against our great middle classes, so many of whom are choking the very generousities of life, running into debt and the bankruptcy court, and ninepence three farthings in the pound, all through that mad and sad struggle, I said at the beginning, of trying to dress a little better, and look a little better than their next door neighbour. Ah! the old farmers and merchants didn't live quite so high as the modern ones, but they didn't smash quite so often! They usually dined at one o'clock instead of seven or eight, but they generally managed to pay twenty shillings in the pound, a bit of business I understand that some fine folk find it very difficult to come up to in these days. There's a capital thing in Hone's Epigrams about our old friends the farmers: In 1776 it was:

"The man to the plough,
The wife to the cow,
The girl to sew,
The boy to mow,

And your rents are sure to be netted."

But in 1876 it is :

“The best man Tally ho !
The girls piano !
The wife silk and satin !
The boys Greek and Latin !

And, if you don't take care, you'll all be gazetted.”

In more than one sense there's power and meaning in those words. When Dr. Johnson was courting Mrs. Porter he thought he ought to be very honest with her and tell her all the circumstances of his family history, so he told her that he once had a relative hanged. She, to keep pace with him, said : “She had never had a relative hanged, but she had had fifty who deserved to be.” I do not know whether the shams and pretences, the false gentility and general tomfoolery with which the world is afflicted are likely to be kicked out of it, but for my part I am quite sure they deserve to be. Then there are the sham people who know everything, and I should like to know who can teach them anything. The sentimental young ladies and gentlemen who set up for critics before they have cut their wisdom teeth, and who can settle questions for you in five minutes that have baffled students and philosophers all down the ages, and who talk so much with chatter from the teeth outward, growing every day a great deal louder, and by no means much wiser, till you can only find a little relief in falling back upon Pope's comfortable assurance that “fools rush in where angels fear to tread.” There was a man in my native town who knew everything but one thing. He knew everything but what a fool he was—but everybody else knew that very well—so between him and his neighbours there was almost a monopoly of wisdom. I read a capital story the other day about a fine critic who always found fault with what other people praised. Walking arm in arm with a friend

down the Broadway in New York they came to a bird preserver's window where was an owl mounted on a perch. "There," said the Critic, "isn't it villanous, isn't it shameful, isn't it iniquitous, to think any man should profess to learn a business, should then stuff a bird, stick it on a perch, put it into a window, and want to palm it off upon the public as being something like what it really was when it was alive." Just at that moment the owl happened to wink. It was a live one that had been put there that very morning; and that was a settler to that gentleman's criticism henceforward and for ever.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have called your attention to these few shams, not because I wished to take any disagreeable view of things—I trust I have not done that; but I wanted in a lecture like this to point out, especially to young men, that the only way for us to "ring out the false" is for you and I in our own life to "ring in the true." I wanted to show you that the philosophy and common sense of life is not for young people to get above their position, but for them to do their duty bravely in every position. It isn't where we live, but how we live. It isn't what we do, but how we do it. It isn't what we have got *on* us, but what we have got *in* us. Not what people say about us, but what the Great and Good God knows about us. Dr. Arnold in his day tried to teach the young gentlemen of England never to do extraordinary things, but to do extraordinarily well the that which did lie close to them. Some time ago, in a little town in Essex, they started a Rifle Corps, and there were ninety-six officers and only fourteen men of the rank and file! That arises from the fact that nearly everybody thinks himself cut out to be king and a captain among his fellows; and

when I was a little boy I used to think if my shoes were polished very brightly in front, it didn't matter though there was ever so much mud at the heel. That was because I couldn't see behind me. Now that I have grown to be a man, and gone much about this world, I meet with such a lot of persons—rich and poor alike—who are polishing to the greatest nicety the work that is going to be seen, heard, applauded; but that which only the Eternal and never-slumbering eye of God sees they slur and do at their worst. But I have come with a message of cheer, for I have come to tell you we may all be like that shepherd boy and king of old, who, thousands of years ago, “served his own generation according to the will of God and then fell on sleep.” I sit back in express trains, at certain seasons of the year, nearly every day; I have been doing this for the last eighteen years; and I have looked out of the carriage windows in all weathers—fog—rain—sleet—shine—snow—and I have seen men holding points and working signals. “Oh, yes,” you say, “he’s a pound a week fellow, and wears velveteen jacket, and carries dirt in his finger nails; why bring him forward?” To which I reply, “What’s his business?” “Well, you have just said it; it’s to hold a point and work a signal.” Yes, but if he hold the point right, and work the signal correctly, and do his duty, then you, and I, and fifty others go home to those who are watching and waiting for us, and who are as dear to us to-night as our own life; but if he turn the point wrong, and err in the signal box, and entertain no solemn sense of his responsibility, then you, and I, and fifty others may go to death and destruction. And I say that upon the poorest and meanest work of life great issues hang. I call upon you to do your duty; to submit to all honourable conditions;

to triumph over temptations ; to remember that a penny well earned is better than a pound badly got ; and to step out into the world with clean hands and a brave heart, trusting alone in God for a friend and your daily bread. Some time ago I delivered a lecture to a very crowded audience in a little town in Hertfordshire ; and the next morning when I was walking down to the railway station, a man ran out of a draper's shop and said to me : " Mr. De Fraine, I want to thank you for your lecture, because whenever you come here, you always put *a better spirit into us, and make us happy in our work.*" " Happy in our work ! oh, sir," I said, " here's half the world quarrelling with its work, fighting against its work, kicking against its work." Thankful to God shall I be, if the lectures I deliver from time to time, and from place to place, shall put a better spirit into men, and make them happy in their daily toil. Therefore have I come here to-night, to say : Go, soldier, to the tented field, or mariner, to the stormy sea, and be happy in thy daily work. Go, artizan, to the sooty forge—sallow student, poring over learned books—labourer, turning up straight furrows of the brown earth to the blue sky—and be happy in thy daily work. Go, O teachers of the young, O speakers of eloquent words, O preachers of immortal truth, and be happy in thy daily work. Go, thou rich, to lighten the way with a courtlier grace and a queenlier charity ; follow thou poor—" king only of two hands."

" Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Both children of the same great God—
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well filled past ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might die to hold in fee."

But is it a lecture on Shams? So the bills say; but I am going to speak of two realities. There are plenty of shams in the world, and a great deal too much make-believe; but there are always two real things in our midst. There's real *sin* and real *sorrow*; and say what you like, but I think it's the business of every earnest, thoughtful, cultured, educated, godly man and woman to try to remove the one and mitigate the other. Bear with me for a short time longer. You are going away from this Hall very soon. I have been looking at this audience, and I see that many of you are going to homes of comfort and refinement; and many of you are young and happy; and God has prospered your way in life; and a joy brighter than the beams of the morning shines in the hearts of some of you. Oh, bear with me whilst I tell you how low some of our neighbours have fallen; how abject is their moral condition; what anguish and agony unutterable must embitter their dying moments unless they change. Oh, think of the sorrows of one day. The misery, the wretchedness, the tears, the awful woe, the wrongs crying to God for vengeance, the slavery of sin, the wild arms tossed up madly in seething vortexes of passion and despair. I never can go over those London bridges without sad and tender thoughts coming into my brain. Whenever I stand on them the very stones look to me red with human blood; and the air all around is haunted with cruel, and bitter, and awful memories. There, at the dead of the night, when no human eye saw, and no human heart pitied, poor men in sin, and poorer women in shame have gone, and over those stony parapets, and down into that black, muddy water they have tried to find the peace which sin, and the devil, and the world never gave to them. There was a splash, a gurgle, the parted

water, and then it was all over. Oh, thou gas upon the river, how many times has thy unpitying light shone down upon the garments of such as these. Oh, thou gas upon the river, when no human ear listened thou didst hear the plash of the water, and the cry of the broken and despairing heart!

“The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river.
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery;
Swift to be hurl'd
Anywhere! anywhere
Out of the world!
In she plung'd boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran;
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it
Dissolute man!
Lave in it—drink of it
Then if you can.
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.”

But why do I speak of these things to-night? Because the other day I saw nearly a hundred convicts—every man linked and chained to another; and just by, boys at play—fair, and fresh, and ruddy of face, and a clear, silvery laughter floating like music on the morning air, and dying in echoes across the blue sea. But all those men were boys once; and for all those who have fallen into wicked ways, and come to lives of sin and sorrow, I cannot

help remembering that they were once like the little children, who come round my house in Cambridgeshire, every spring time, to listen to the lambs bleat, and to pluck the cowslip and the violet from the fresh, green, English fields that lie all about me. It's very little indeed any of us can do to lessen these sins and sorrows; and perhaps those who have laboured the longest and worked the hardest know this best. But I am sure one of the great wants of the age is sympathy.

“Though pride may show some nobleness

When honours its ally;

Yet there is such a thing on earth,

As holding heads too high.

The sweetest flowers grow near the ground,

The fairest birds build low,

And we must stoop for happiness

If we its worth would know.”

So stooping I believe we shall find. Oh, say a kind word when you can, help a toiling brother up-hill, do good, win the blessing of one ready to perish, visit the afflicted, feed the hungry, wipe away tears of sorrow, remember the fatherless, make the widow's heart sing for joy. Oh, don't have to upbraid yourself with the words:—

“Alas! I have walk'd through life

Too heedless where I trod;

Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,

And fill the burial sod—

Forgetting that even the sparrow falls

Not unmark'd of God!

I drank the richest draughts;

And ate whatever is good—

Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,

Supplied my hungry mood;

But I never remember'd the wretched ones

That starve for want of food!

I dress'd as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.
The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so poor a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart."

Yes, I am sure the world wants sympathy. I was in the north of England, years ago, when those two hundred bread winners found a living grave in that awful coal pit at Hartley, in Northumberland; and I remember reading that our Royal Widow, the Queen, sat in her palace home washed by the southern seas; she sat there a bereft and broken-hearted woman, like the poorest pitman's wife or pitboy's mother; and down the electric wires she sent trembling messages of womanly tenderness and sympathy to those who sat in shadow of the same sorrow and grief as herself. Was she less queenly then because she was so womanly? Are you less a gentleman because you can say a kind and cheery word to those socially beneath you; or less a lady because you can throw the glory of a smile upon the sometimes sunless path of the poor.

"Oh, scatter the germs of the beautiful,
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may bloom by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the cottage wall;
Yet scatter the germs of the beautiful,
In the depths of the human soul—
And there they will bud and blossom, and bear thee fruit,
As long as the endless ages roll."

A few more words and my lecture on Shams will close. I believe every attempt to remove these shams, or to do away with those more dire realities of which I have spoken, will be in vain, unless we have more faith in truth, and more trust in God. My words will be forgotten, but the truth will live. On the foot of the monument to the Scottish martyrs and heroes I read these words: "Individuals may perish, but truth is immortal." Often have those words cheered me. Be encouraged all ye labourers in the Lord's vineyard, for they who sow in tears to-day may reap in joy to-morrow. It was in the spirit of this faith that, in olden days, men were bound with chains, and burned with fire, and cursed with cruel anathemas; it was in the spirit of this faith that they sowed every wind with "sparks of fiery thought;" it was in the spirit of this faith that they laid their heads upon the gory block, as little children do lie their's nightly upon a mother's knee; it was in the spirit of this faith that they lived, and taught, and suffered, and died, bequeathing to us a heritage of freedom, and the deathless splendour of their high and holy renown. When I was a boy I remember reading, in fairy tales, how a city in a single night was petrified to stone. All was still, solemn, silent, lifeless, death-like. Suddenly, in a moment, a trumpet's shrill blast was heard. Then everything became full of life and motion. Then the warrior leapt upon his steed, and with his lance in rest rode on victory. Oh, you who have so kindly listened to me to-night, go away, and to-morrow put the trumpet—not to your lips, but to your lives; and by hatred of pretence; by love of the right, wherever you find it; by lessening what Keats called the "dearth of noble natures;" by "bearing without abuse the grand old name of gentleman;" by being good,

and doing good; by trust in truth, and faith in God, blow the music of a manlier and heavenlier life; and as you go through the world, and pass to the confines of eternity chant, for measure of the heart and beat of the soul, those stirring and beautiful words of the great German poet Goethe:

“Duty be thy polar guide—

Do the right whate’er betide;

Haste not—rest not—conflicts past—

God will crown thy work at last.

Without haste—and without rest—

Write the motto on thy breast;

Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,

Bear it onward to the tomb.

Ponder well and know the right—

Onward then with all thy might;

Haste not—years can ne’er atone

For one reckless action done.

Rest not—life is sweeping by,

Dare and do before you die;

Something mighty and sublime,

Leave behind to conquer time;

Glorious ’tis to live for aye,

When these forms have pass’d away.

Duty be thy polar guide—

Do the right whate’er betide;

Haste not—rest not—conflicts past,

God will crown thy work at last.”



THE
BATTLE OF LIFE.



THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

YOU have very kindly come here to night to listen to a lecture on the "Battle of Life"; and the first words I am going to utter a great many of you won't like. I am going to tell you that if you are to get on in the world, or fight the Battle of Life to brave and successful issues you'll have to *work*. "Oh," but some of you say, "we are at it from morning to night: if you'll teach us how to get to the top of the ladder without climbing any steps; if you'll show us how to begin in business where our fathers' left off; and if you'll take us down the royal road to learning, and devise a short cut to knowledge we'll be very much obliged to you for trying to teach us about these things; but if you are going to take us down that old beaten rut of the ages and talk about work, why its a bit of business we are not at all prepared for." And yet I propose asking you to engage in that

same business to-night: for a reason very clear to my own mind. I believe a great many seemingly decent young men are, in these days, growing afraid of work and ashamed of it. I don't mean the naturally lazy, like the drunken sailor, who said to the Captain: "Well, what I say Captain is this: we ought all to be equal—share and share alike, you have half and I have half." "Well, but Jack," said the Captain, "suppose we did that. You'd go away, and get drunk with your money, and squander every penny of it; and I should take care of mine and put it by: what do you propose to do then?" "Divide again, Sir" said Jack. Nor am I thinking of those sentimental young gentlemen,—the cheap imitation swells, who irrigate their shallow brains with day dreams of their fourpenny ha'penny gentility,—for I never expected to find one of them much in love with the rugged and the healthy ways of human existence. But sometime ago a young man committed suicide in Paris, and assigned for reason that he was born to be a man, but he was obliged to work as a grocer; and not very long since a young man committed suicide at Brighton, assigning for reason that he could'nt endure to be a clerk in the railway offices at that town, from which I judge that I am not very far wrong in coming to the conclusion already mentioned, and thinking that some of our smart and respectable young men are growing afraid of work and ashamed of it. I meet with people who are "expecting something"—who are on the "look out for something"—who tell me they believe "something will turn up." So it will, I think, if they turn it up—not without. They are always talking about fortune, and sunshine, and good luck. What is good luck? Good luck is to get up at five o'clock in the morning, if there be a necessity for it. Good

luck, if you've only got a shilling a week coming in, is to live upon elevenpence, and take care of the odd penny. Good luck is to trouble your heads with your own business, and let your next door neighbour's alone—which a great many persons probably in this town are incapable of doing, unless, at least, they are very different to the people in West Wickham, where I live, for lots of them know how much money I have got in my pocket at this moment, and I'm sure I don't. Good luck is to be straight, and square, and fair, and honest in your dealings; and it is to do to others as you would they should do to you. What luck can you and I trust to but the luck which comes from the honest exercise of the faculties and talents God gives to us? Some of your fathers came into this town with half-a-crown in their pockets. To-night the world says they are rich men. I should'nt like to hurt the feelings—if that were at all possible—of any of their over-sensitive, over-dressed, and over-genteel sons and daughters; but I should very much like to ask a question. How did the fathers make a fortune out of half-a-crown? Not by doing what some of their fast and empty-headed sons would do to-night—spending two shillings and ninepence out of it; but by learning the philosophy of one of the oldest of the old sayings: "Help yourselves and your friends will love you." They say in Wales: "Get a horse of thine own and thou may'st always borrow another." That means, I suppose, get a sovereign into your pocket and a good many persons will lend you sixpence. Why? Because they know you don't want one. Get up to the top of the hill, and lots of kind-hearted individuals will come to the foot, and they'll say: "Oh, my dear Mr. So-and-so, I wish I could have the great pleasure, and the extreme

felicity, and the unspeakable happiness, of lending you my shoulder, and giving you a lift;" but if you had been slipping down lots of them would never have come near you, and a good many of the others would have put out their foot, and given you an extra push, just to have helped you on the way. Trust in your own resources, young men. Be natural. Stand upon your own legs. Even for the A B C of Self Help you want what the country people call a long head. Not like that lawyer's, to whom the barber's boy, when he was running the comb through his hair, said: "Lor, sir, what a long head you've got." "Yes, my boy, and we lawyers want long heads." "Well, I'll be blessed," said the boy, "if it aint as thick as it is long!" Somebody asked Opie, the great painter, what he mixed his colours with. "With my brains, sir," was the reply. Go and use your brains young men—if you've got any. If you hav'nt you must go to the dogs and the wall—your legitimate place, some fine teachers say. I pronounce no opinion upon that subject. I only know that a great many young men in these days are living such lives you would think they required to get for an epitaph above them when they die:—

• "Here lies a man who is of as much
use under the ground as ever he was
above it."

But for all purposes of success in life a man must work. It's as true of the loftiest genius as of the poorest plodder. All those who in the strife and tussle of human life fought against odds; all those who scaled the rocky mountains of difficulty, and shaped their lives to noble ends; all those who stirred the hearts of mankind with heroic and daring deeds; all the brave and God-gifted children of the earth; Wilkies' using barn door and burnt stick,

because they could'nt afford chalk and canvass; Giffords' cobblers' apprentices working out their first mathematical problems on scraps of leather; Fergusons' shepherd boys, on the plains, mapping out the heavenly bodies by means of a bit of string and a few beads; all these—the poets, who trilled out songs as in deathless music; the orators, who swayed the heart as the old Norse wizards are reputed to have swayed the stormy winds with their caps; my Lord Derby, when he translated the Iliad; Tennyson, in the jewelled fret work of his Idylls—all these, by toil of brain, as the meanest craftsman by sweat of brow, must fail or succeed in this world. Then is it work? Yes; but it's *work* and *wait*. "This is hard pounding," said Wellington at Waterloo, "but presently we shall see who can pound the longest;" and not only at the battle of Waterloo, but in the Battle of Life, a man who can stick to a thing will conquer. Sentimentality puts a thousand irons into the fire, but it never waits to let one get hot. It wants to become everything, and in the end becomes nothing. I remember reading once, how Colonel Beaufort found it necessary, in a great Spanish engagement, to get the brass trunnions broken off a cannon. In the emergency of the moment a hammer was given to a man to break off the trunnions. He pounded away for more than an hour, and at last broke them off. Then which blow broke off the trunnions? The first? The fifth? The fiftieth? The five hundredth? Neither; it was *every* blow; and so in the Battle of Life—it is every days work, and not the spasmodic jumps and jerks of a fortnight, that will make our young men or mar them. You'll stumble at the beginning. Greater people than any of us have stumbled. Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, was at first only a stutterer;

Benjamin Disraeli when he spoke the first time in the House of Commons broke down, amidst the laughter of that assembly of accomplished English gentlemen; but he broke down with this memorable exclamation: "The time will come when you will hear me." When John Hunter, the great anatomist, went to deliver his first lecture to the students, there was'n't a soul present but the door keeper. "John," he said, "open that cupboard, and fetch out that skeleton, and put it down there, and do you sit down beside it, and then I shall be able to say: 'Gentlemen,' and we'll make a beginging." And he did make a beginning, and the lectures afterwards were crowded; but what was of more consequence than a crowd, they were great contributions to the science of the country. Work and wait. You hear people say in derision, about some one of their neighbours. "Oh yes, he's very clever, but he won't set the Thames on fire." "Set the Thames on fire!" What does that mean? In the old Lancashire and Yorkshire flour mills there was a receiver called the Temse. If a man turned the handle of the mill very rapidly the friction ofttimes set fire to the Temse; but if they had a lazy vagabond, who put his arms round at snails' pace, they used to say jeeringly: "Ah, that fellow will never set fire to the Temse." Then it got broadened into "he will never set fire to the Thames." But in the true meaning of the phrase it could be done; but it could only be done by that persistent effort and consistent energy which I believe to be the very bone and muscle of all true genius. Work and wait; but I add another word: Work, and wait, and bear. Bear? Bear what? Well, sometimes the ridicule of fools. Can any of you tell me the value of their praises? A young lady must be vain indeed if she felt delighted

because a deaf man praised her musical performances, and you must be rather weak if you felt gratified when a blind man went into ecstasies over your drawing-room pictures. You all remember the story of Lord St. Leonard's, who raised himself from being a poor barber's boy to be Lord Chancellor of this kingdom. He went somewhere to deliver a speech, and a fellow in the crowd began to cry out: "My Lord, where's the soap box? My Lord, how about the lather brush?" Then Lord St. Leonard's stopped. He said: "There's a person in the crowd interrupts me. He wishes to remind me of my lowly origin; he wants to tell me that I was once only a poor barber's boy. Ladies and gentlemen, if that person had been a barber's boy he would have remained one." Be sure of that. It was on another occasion when Lord Tenterden—who rose from the position of a barber's boy to be, not Lord Chancellor, but Lord Chief Justice of the then Court of King's Bench—was delivering a speech, when a sprig of nobility said, jeeringly and in undertone, "that, as far as he personally was concerned, he did'nt much think they wanted to be instructed by barbers' boys;" to which Lord Tenterden, with great dignity and solemnity of manner, replied "that whilst the noble peer, who with so much decency had just interrupted him, gloried in his descent, he (Lord Tenterden) gloried in his ascent." And that, thought about aright, is I suppose a very different thing altogether. Yes; work, and wait, and bear, and be wisely ambitious. Stand up like a man, and seek to excel, and improve your condition, and cultivate your intellect, and open your heart to generous sympathies, and throw round daily toil the garland of a brave and heroic spirit. Shall I tell you of that great army of noble men who rose from the ranks of poverty to be

stars in the nation's history? Shall I mention their names? John Bunyan, dreaming in the prison cell by the sluggish Ouse, and writing a book the world dare not let die. Shall I mention their names? William Carey, sitting in his poor cottage home, reading "Cook's Voyages Round the World," and becoming afterwards the honoured missionary men love to read about. Shall I mention their names? Elihu Burritt, standing by the blacksmith's forge, wiping away the hot sweat of honest labour, and acquiring more of the world's languages than any living man. Shall I mention their names? Dr. Livingstone, the poor factory boy; John Cassell, as homely a carpenter as ever knocked a tenpenny nail into a piece of wood; Abraham Lincoln, the derided rail splitter, but afterwards much beloved Chief Magistrate of America. Shall I mention their names? Richard Cobden, sleeping to-night under the daisies of a Sussex churchyard; and Michael Faraday, the son of a poor Yorkshire blacksmith, going to London, and unlocking chamber after chamber in the great Palace of Science, becoming as good as he was wise and great. Shall I mention their names? James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, wrapping round him his plaid, eating an oaten bannock, and dreaming of "Bonnie Kilmeny;" Burns, casting his sweat gemmed sickle into the golden headed grain, while his soul was fired with immortal song; Shakespeare, born in lowly estate, but full of thoughts, which have made his name mighty, "not for an age but for all time." Oh! don't say that I want to make the people discontented. I hate the silly dreams of a mad or feverish ambition, but I hate also the envy or the bigotry that would stifle the yearnings, and paralyze the best energies of young England. I am not speaking of the fiery flashes and brilliant

corruscations of genius, for you can never extinguish these ; but you may bring down to one low, dead level the life of the common people. I know we want hewers of wood and drawers of water. There must be broad backs and cunning fingers. The land must be tilled, the shoe cobbled, the streets be swept, and from the blacksmith's flaming forge

“ the burning sparks fly up

Like chaff from a threshing floor ;”

but will the toiler be any worse because he works and thinks, because he can read and reason, because he knows right from wrong, because he cherishes the tender joys of home, and seeks to better his social position ? I wish the motto of every man and woman was

EXCELSIOR !

Onward—upward—higher ! Excelsior ! Up the mountain of knowledge and culture, be the height ever so dazzling, and the summit ever so distant ; Excelsior ! though the road be rough and rugged, and the stones be sharp under the toiler's feet ; Excelsior ! with high resolve and proudly beating heart, for ever listening to that music from afar which beckons forth the better hope ; Excelsior ! Step by step, with a spirit to conquer or be conquered, breaking the hugh stones of difficulty till from powdered dust you can pick the gems of precious worth ; Excelsior ! for health and strength, and just as travellers climb some Alpine steep to revel in the joy which lies in fertile vales, and ever widening plans ; Excelsior !

“ In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's fair pride,
Let this be your motto
To comfort and guide ;
In cloud and in sunshine,
Whatever assail
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say Fail.”

Then not only work, and wait, and bear, and be wisely ambitious, but *get character*. There's a great deal of difference between character and reputation. My reputation is what you will say about me : my character is what I am. My reputation may be destroyed in six weeks, six months, six years, as I am widely known, or the reverse ; but my character is just the same whether you praise me or whether you blame me ; and it does'nt much matter in the end whether we be "crowned or crownless by this world, so that life and God's work be done." Character alone makes men kingly. Shakespeare taught that, I think, centuries ago. When Horatio told Hamlet that he had seen the ghost of his buried father, he made remark—in softening and noble eulogy : he was a good king : to which Hamlet the Prince of Denmark replied : "he was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again." As if to be a man in the highest sense was to be bravest, kingliest, best. I think it will be so always. A diamond is a diamond whether it flash like a star in the centre of a king's crown, or be hid in the mire of the dunghill ; and a man's a man whether he wear hodden grey, or be clothed in ermine and purple, and fine linen. All the rags in the world never hid a noble soul from the sight of God and the angels ; all the perishable finery of the earth could not exalt a vulgar, a sinful, and degraded one. Yes, character makes men kingly ; for when Garibaldi had given a kingdom to a king, and had the riches of a great city all lying at his feet, he went back to his island home unstarred, unbadged, a poor man with only fifteen shillings in his pocket, and a red shirt on his back ; but tried by every standard in the world, he was braver—grander—nobler—a more kingly man than he of Naples—

with all the trappings of a loftier estate, enslaving a people and oppressing a great nation.

“There’s a game in fashion, I think it’s called Euchre,
Though I never have played it for pleasure or lucre;
In which when the cards are in certain conditions,
The players all seem to have changed their positions;
And one of them says in a confident tone:
“Well, I think I can venture to go it alone.”

In watching the game ’tis a whim of the bards,
A moral to draw from the skirmish of cards,
And to fancy he sees in that paltry strife
Some excellent hints for the battle of life—
Where, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The winner is he who can go it alone.

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world
In a regular orbit is ceaselessly whirled;
And got not a convert for all of his pains,
But only derision—and prison—and chains;
“It moves for all that,” was his answering tone,
For he felt in his soul he could go it alone.

When Kepler, with intellect piercing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet and star—
And the doctors, who ought to have lauded his name,
Derided his learning, and blackened his fame—
“I can wait”—he replied—“till the truth you shall own,”
For he felt in his soul he could go it alone.

Alas for the player who idly depends
In the changes of life upon fortune or friends;
Whatever the value of blessings like these,
They can never make up for inglorious ease,
Nor comfort that coward who finds, with a groan,
That his crutches have left him to go it alone.

There's something, no doubt, in the cards you may hold :
Health, family culture, wit, beauty, and gold,
An ancestor's name, well loved and unmarred,
Is each in its way a most excellent card ;
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own,
Unless you've the courage to go it alone.

In battle or business—whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same ;
In the scramble for power, or the struggle for pelf,
Let this be the motto : “ Rely on thyself—
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The winner is he who can go it alone.”

That leads me to this : that always in the Battle of Life that which lies close to us should engage our most earnest attention. “ Ah,” but you say, “ if I only lived in London.” Yes, but perhaps you live in a country town, or village. “ Ah,” but you say, “ if I only lived in the Squire's mansion.” Yes, but very likely you live in a shoemaker's cottage ; and you put me in mind of the fellow who was in the stocks ; and his mother kept running round and round, and crying, “ Oh, my boy, they can't answer for putting you there—they can't answer for putting you there.” “ But they have answered for it mother,” said the man ; “ I'm here : try and get me out.” Now, my good friends, you are here ; and some people might offer you the consolation Abernethy offered to the Duchess of Marlborough when she said she “ couldn't get her arm up.” “ Very well then,” said Abernethy, “ keep it down ; that's all I've got to say about it.” But I can offer nobler consolation than that, for I think I can show you that in the brave doing of every day's duty we shall find some of the joy and blessedness of being. I am not quite sure that a fool in the

country will become a wise man immediately he arrives in London, and I am not quite sure that they *are* all wise people in London. A Lancashire man once said: "when I went to Lunnon I thowt I were going to the Temple of Wisdom. I thowt they were all wise folk there; but I soon found as big fools in Lunnon as any where else, and O my what a lot of 'em there are too!" I am not certain that if a man can't do common work well, he's so very likely to do extraordinary work well; and I long ago thought that it was possible to ennoble a lowly position, and equally possible to degrade a lofty one. Joy, and blessing, and satisfaction will spring from the brave doing of that which God puts nearest. Longfellow, in one of the most striking of his minor poems—"Gaspar Becerra"—teaches that most beautifully.

"By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.
'Twas an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill;
But alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.
From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been brought;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought;
Till, discouraged and desponding,
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.
Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master!
From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within thee!"
And the startled artist woke,—

Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized and quenched the glowing wood !
And therofrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.
O thou sculptor, painter, poet !
Take this lesson to thy heart :
That is best which lieth nearest ;
Shape from that thy work of art."

I must confess to you that I have little faith in sentimental and extraordinary people, who can do anything in the world for you, except do their duty ; and who seem to want to have patent paper wings manufactured with which they may soar above the common realities, and the common work, of every day life. When I was a little boy a man came to my native town and he put out large bills all over the place : " Professor So and So will fly from the Church to the Market house." Everybody was full of it ; they ran and talked about it from cottage to cottage, and from shop to shop, wondering how it could possibly happen. The only thing that stood in the way of the Professor's performance was this : he had to gain the Vicar's permission. The Vicar was not only a very good man but he was a very witty man, and exceedingly fond of a joke and a bit of fun, and I am not prepared to say that he was any the worse for that. Well, one morning the Professor rapped at the vicarage door, and he was shown into the Vicar's study : " I have called, Sir, to ask your permission to perform a very wonderful feat." " What is it, my friend," said the Vicar. " I am exceedingly anxious, Sir, to perform the very wonderful feat of flying from the Church to the Market house." " I can't grant it my friend," said the Vicar, " there are too many, Sir, flying from the Church already. If it had been

from the Market-house to the Church you should have had my full permission and my hearty concurrence immediately." Professor So-and-so stayed in the town two or three days, and then flew away from the hotel where he had put up, one pound nineteen shillings and sixpence in debt. Have a care of all flyers. Beware of all these wonderful, and extraordinary, and uncommon beings, who must always be seen and heard, and who run from moral pillar to post, but never manfully discharge a duty, or bravely bear a responsibility. I saw a man the other day that I had'nt looked upon since I was a boy; but when I was a boy I knew him to be nearly everything in political, social, moral, and religious profession; especially everything in religious profession—Churchman, Independent, Wesleyan, Baptist, Primitive Methodist, Plymouth Brother, Latter-Day Saint, finally, and by way of a wind-up, he became what he called "A New Light!" He was in everybody's debt, his children were the dirtiest in the town, and his home was a scene of wretchedness and confusion. Would'nt it be better, think you, to be an "Old Light," and, as I tried last night, in my poor measure, to teach you, to make our lives brighter and our homes happier, and to stand up, in all places, and under all honourable conditions, like men connected with God—doing God's work—giving God the glory. Turn away from common sense, wholesome and healthy, in the Battle of Life, and you'll degenerate into namby-pambyism. Namby-pambyism—what's that? Well, there's physical and moral. Abernethy was much troubled by a lady, who who was always running to him and telling him there was something amiss. One day she went in a very great hurry, and said she must see him immediately. When she saw him she said

she didn't like to tell him. "Oh, but my dear madam," he said, "I can do nothing for you unless you tell me what's the matter." "Well," she said, "it was so singular, it was so extraordinary, it was so uncommon, she really hoped he'd excuse her." "I'll thank you, woman," he said, "not to waste my time and your own money. If there's anything the matter with you, why don't you tell me." And at last she confessed that she had swallowed a spider. "Swallowed a spider? Well, I never had to prescribe for anything like that before," said Abernethy; "but I'll put a paper in an envelope, and you drive straight home, don't speak to anyone, go to your room, lock the door, break the envelope, read the paper, and do as it tells you." So the lady drove straight home, and she didn't speak to anyone, and she went to her room, and she locked the door, and she broke the envelope, and read the paper; and it told her that she was to catch a fly, and put it in her mouth, and when she had shut her mouth the spider would be sure to hear the fly burring and buzzing about, and it would come up after it, and then she was to spit them both out together. I call that a capital cure for physical namby-pambyism; and it has about it the robust and masculine common sense peculiar to Dr. Abernethy in the story that's told of him of a woman running into the surgery, and saying her "good for nothing, vagabond of a boy had been and drunk a twopenny bottle of ink. "Then," said Abernethy, "give him half-a-dozen sheets of blotting paper, and that'll put matters to rights immediately." But to be serious. Suppose we are not all gifted alike. Suppose we can't all be kings and captains in the strife. Do all birds sing like the nightingale? Do they all carol like the lark? Do they all career with the sweeping eagle, spreading its wings in the

golden light of the day? And did it ever strike you young people that there's no merit in a gift: the merit lies in the right use of it. If you know more than others you should do more; and if you have more you should dispense more. I stood, not long ago, on the northern coast of Ireland, close to the magnificent Giant's Causeway. I stood there watching the wild sea roll and sweep in its glassy beauty, every wave shaking from its head white crowns of foamy spray; and when I turned away, and was driving to my lodgings in Coleraine, there, gliding through the grassy fields like a silver ribbon unfurled from a reel, I saw a brook, not much wider than fifty times the length of my arm; and then I thought: It is so ever; God lifts up the giant mountains, and He sets sublimity enthroned upon their tops like a monarch; but He writes the old story of Beauty in every daisy quilted field. I see the ocean, with its crested waves, like white-robed choristers of the mighty deep; but what of the dew drops that glisten like tears of joy on every summer flower, and the brooks that babble past poor men's homes. And if there be prophets, apostles, martyrs, moral Titans of the earth, sweet singers of a deathless music, there be also commoner men and women, like you and I, with homes to make happy, with firesides to make bright, with evil to turn from, with good to pursue, with a world to get on in, and a life battle right bravely to fight; and if with five talents we do our best, we, in one sense, do just as much as those who have fifty thousand talents and only do their best. So, I repeat: Work, wait, bear; be wisely ambitious; be real, and manly, and true; get character; do that which lies close to you; know the right, and never forsake it; get principles, and stick to them. Lots of persons will be anything you like. They'll blow

hot to-night and cold to-morrow morning; they'll run with the hare and follow with the hounds; they'll be with the "Blues" in politics this week, and with the "Yellows" the next; and any other colour in creation, if its only the colour that's going to PAY. They'll whisper and tell you to hold your tongue, and keep quiet, and mind what you're about, and see which way your bread's buttered; and if there's anything wrong wink your eye at it; and they'll quote apostolic words, and remind you that you should live in peace, and be all things to all men. And we have funeral sermons preached about people in these days, and a great many virtues discovered, when folk are dead, that nobody was ever fortunate enough to find out when they were alive; and one of the things you get told is: "he never made an enemy." Tennyson says "there never yet was noble man, but made ignoble talk; he makes no friend who never made a foe." When our Lord and Master came, living amid those beautiful hills of Judea, as man never lived or spake, they called him a "wine bibber," gluttonous," the friend of sinners." "Woe be unto you"—not only in Judea, but very likely in this place too—if all men speak well of you. Our business should be to know the right, and then to hold to it. There died some years ago in the south of England an eminent man. He didn't begin life in a very eminent way, not as the world counts eminence, for he began it by being apprenticed to a wheelwright. Before he was out of his apprenticeship he fell in love. When he was out of his apprenticeship he got married. When he was married he hadn't anything to keep a wife with. So the next day he started off, and walked thirty miles to try and find employment, but he couldn't find any; and like a sensible fellow he walked back again. It's a good thing sometimes in the Battle of

Life to go back a little way. When the tramp was breaking through the hedge, and was about to leap the ditch. suddenly on the other side appeared the farmer. "Where are you going to?" "I am going back if you please Sir was the reply." The next day our newly married friend started out again, and he obtained work at twenty three shillings a week, he toiled several years, and he managed to save seventy pounds. Then he became very anxious to set up in business for himself. He did set up, and in three weeks every penny of his seventy pounds was gone in labour and materials. Then came an election, and first one party and then the other waited upon him. They said if he would vote for their man they would back him, help him, give him a lift up, establish him, set him on his legs. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am a very poor man, but I have always held certain opinions, and believed in certain principles, and I mean to stick to my principles, if it's at the sacrifice of all I have got." He did stick to his principles; and he succeeded in trade, and prospered in business, and became the largest employer of labour in that southern town; three times they made him mayor of it; his carriages went all over the world; at last he died—revered, honoured, beloved by a great multitude: a man who held to principle. So have I seen in distant parts mountains lifting their faces to the heavens. By and bye the storm came—thunder roar—lightning flash—the tempest beating and playing there in fury; but because the foundations of the mountains were strong, fixed, immoveable, they could not be shaken; and presently the storm discords died away into sweetest music and heavenliest calm, and the sun coming forth in its olden and kingly beauty lit up the mountains' summits with unspeakable splendour. So too, that

man who stands firm upon the rock of truth and principle, storms may come, thunder roar and lightning flash of the world's anger and ridicule, the waves of scorn rolling around in fury; but if he stand firm, his feet on the rock and his face towards God, all the anger, and the ridicule, and the scorn will pass away; and to that faithful soul there will come the cadences of a divine melody, and the rest and joy of the peace which passeth understanding.

Ladies and Gentlemen, this brings me to a word that has more to do with the Battle of Life than any word I have mentioned up to this moment. You'll all guess the word I mean. Save that dearest and best of earthly words called "mother," I know of nothing in the English language like it. It's my business to leave mine a good deal, and people often say to me: "Why, John, this must be very pleasant, seeing so many fresh places and new faces;" and I always smile—somewhat sadly I fear—for I get thinking of old George Ridley's words:

"Let fools go searching far and nigh,
We'll stay at home, my dog and I."

And there staying will perhaps grow happier and better: for the dearest spot on earth to me

"where're I roam,
Is Home, sweet home."

"Home, sweet home, there's no place like home."

That was the spot where I breathed my first breath, and got my first kiss, and learnt my first life lesson. "Home, sweet home, there's no place like home!" That was the spot my dead mother—in years too far off for me—sanctified with the height and the depth of her unspeakable devotion. "Home, sweet home, there's no place like home!" There child-

hood, and youth, and manhood, and old age, its face all wrinkled with manifold experiences, should mingle together in beautiful harmony. Let us remember that it is not *where* we live, but *how* we live. I once heard a lady say—and she lived in a magnificent house—that she had seen more real happiness in the cottages of the poor than in the great mansion where she dwelt. Oh, think of it, poor men and women! Just as the golden sunbeams will dance and play upon the cottages of the peasant as well as upon the palaces of princes—so joy, and peace, and rest, and love may dwell by the lowliest fireside. Then again, it is not what we *have*, but what we *are* that makes us. The hand may be hard with labour, yet the heart may be soft with pity; the face may be seamed and soiled with daily toil, yet the soul may have onward and upward yearnings; and homes, though ever so humble, may be rich in the sweet affections which bless the world.

“There are as many pleasant things,
As many joyous tones,
For those who sit by cottage hearths,
As those who sit on thrones.”

“Home, sweet home, there’s no place like home!”
Happy homes make a great, strong, free, and glorious nation. All reform should begin at home. Our homes should be centres of love, mercy, kindness,—shedding light to all around. We must bear with the wayward—strengthen the weak—help the slow—encourage the timid—watch over the tempted ones—say a kind word to the erring.

“We are all of us human, and all of us erring,
And mercy within us should ever be stirring”

Oh, I have such faith in the power of kind words. Kind words! nerving young men to withstand the temptations of every day life; kind words! piercing

hard, selfish hearts, and making them yield obedience to the pure and good; kind words! dashing aside tear drops of agony, and holding heads erect in moral dignity; kind words! making dark, dreary homes of desolation, break forth into beauty and rejoicing. And they are so cheap, they may be given so freely. I like that dear old fable of the wind and the sun falling out. Shall I remind you of it? They tried their strength upon a traveller, the wind beginning first. It howled mighty music—snapped the pine growth of a century—drove the leaves whistling through the forest—and went forward upon its wondrous working way. And the man wrapped close round him his cloak, bent down before the storm, and persevered, till the wind gave up the contest. Then the sun came out soft, and clear, and bright, and golden, and threw its beautiful rays upon the traveller, till overpowered, he cast aside his cloak, and dropped down upon the green-sward. So shall it be with our words, hard, and rough, and cutting, and cruel, and men shall wrap closer round them the sins which curse and enslave; but before the golden, lovely, Christ-like power of kind words, they shall often be smit into submission, and with the confiding hearts of little children be won back to joy and peace—to heaven and God.

But I must find fault with two things in the home. We can be so polite, and so amiable, and so affable, and so agreeable, and so delightful, and so angelical, when we get into Mr. Snook's parlour, and Mrs. Bumbledon's drawing-room; but at home if we've got anything irritable, and ugly, and cantankerous, and disagreeable, and bad tempered about us, we generally show it for the benefit of those who ought to be nearest and dearest. Some people are always grumbling at home. They put me in mind of my father-in-law, who has been in

business as a farmer for nearly sixty years, and whenever I sit down and talk to him he tells me he has lost money every year. What a tremendous capital he must have had when he made a start more than half a century ago! But I knew a man and his wife who never did agree but once. They then agreed that they would agree, "Robert," the wife said, "Robert, I've got a good thought come into my head." "Bless me," he said, "There aint been one there for a good many years to my certain knowledge." "Well," she said, "I should like that we should agree to agree." "Agreed," he said. So they sat together several hours without speaking, but the old lady couldn't bear that any longer, so at last she said, "O, dear, I wish I was dead." "I wish so too!" said the old man. So they did agree, and they took matters very quietly; but does this grumbling ever make a heart lighter, a home happier, a soul stronger to dare and do in the world; and will you who have grown gray and wrinkled in fighting The Battle of Life permit me to quote those simple and beautiful words:

"The kindest and the happiest pair,
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

And now, can any of you tell me of what use it is to teach a poor girl, who is to become the wife of a hard working labouring man, the height of a mountain, or the length of a river, or to have fifteen fine names for a pudding-bag, when she knows positively nothing of that which is to fit her to be one of the lights of an English home, and one of the mother's of a people brave and free. There's plenty of "ism" and "ology",—but not enough scrubology, and sewology, and bakeology, and boilology, and pudding-makeology, and the ology that would do something,

towards making a poor man's fireside a more attractive spot, than the sanded taproom, and the bright parlour, of the Blue Badger and the Green Pig. But all this trenches upon the region of common sense, and it doesn't run in the way of three farthing bits of finery; and therefore its not likely to be very popular with some people. We live in days when all the jackdaws put on peacocks feathers, and immediately think themselves full blown birds of paradise; and there's a little danger that some of the old fashioned virtues, and the domestic morals of the land, may be forgotten, at a time, when half the world is scrambling and fighting for what it shall *get*, and not for what it shall *do*; and the other half thinking of how it shall look, and seem in the eyes of its next door neighbour; and all the time forgetting that Eternal and never slumbering eye of God that sees you, and I, all the world at this moment.

I have been quoting many times from the poets; and now, after eighteen years of public speaking, I think it almost impossible for me to make a speech, or deliver a lecture without quoting poetry. I want to quote once more. Tennyson makes Sir Galahad say:

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

How many a young man has said he would see life, and has found death,—has said he would kiss the painted bloom off pleasure's cheeks, and has found them pale as pains, and cold as deaths,—has said he would follow in her footsteps, and he did so, till coming to the side of the grave, and the confines of a joyless immortality he found the promises a mockery, and the service too hard for any soul to bear. Last November I rode, one morning, on the top of a coach, nearly forty miles on the western

coast of Scotland. It was a bright, fresh, clear, winter's day; the sea slept in beauty on the left, and the striking and romantic country stretched away to the right. I never enjoyed anything more in my life. All at once the driver of the coach touched me, and said, "There it lies;" and looking down I beheld the torn and broken bottom of a ship—half as large as the floor of this hall. Only a week or two before that ship had been a gay and gallant thing—full of life and beauty—when its keel kissed the billows, and its sails spread to the morning breeze,—and there it did lie at my feet,—tossed upon huge rock and black boulder—torn, twisted, shattered, bent; a useless and helpless wreck. So have I seen wrecks of men and wrecks of women. Oh, what fair hopes have been crushed out in great cities! How many a lad—strong and brave, the pride of home, the joy of the fireside, the darling of the family—has gone there, and in after years, the father—his grey hairs brought with sorrow to the grave—has cried, like one of old: "O Absalom my, son Absalom, would God I had died for thee;" and fond mothers, with broken hearts, still full of a love that no sin or cruelty could crush, have peered out into the moral darkness, praying for children lost almost beyond recall.

"O mighty mystery, London, there be children still who
hold,

Her palaces are silver roof'd, her pavements are of gold;
And blindly in that dark of fate they grope for the
golden prize,

For somewhere hidden in her heart the charmed treasure
lies.

Such glory burning in the skies, she lifts her crown of
light

Above the dark, we see not what we trample in the night.
O merry world of London! O aching world of moan,

How many a soul hath stooped to thee, and lost its
starry throne!

There CIRCE brims her sparkling ruby, dancing welcome
—laughs

All scruples down with wicked eye, and the crazed lover
quaffs

Until the fires of heaven have left white ashes on his
lips.

And there they pass whose tortured hearts the worm
that dies not grips.

The stricken crawl apart to die. There many a bosom
heaves,

With merry laughter, mornful as the dancing of dead
leaves,

There griping greed, rich heaps of yellow wealth of bank
and shop,

As Autumn leaves grow goldenest when rotten ripe to
drop.

* * * * *

“ And day by day on each highway, from many a sunny
shire ,

The country life comes green to wither 'fore the hungry
fire.

All into London leaping leaping flows the human sea,
Where a wreck at heart or a prize in arms, the waves
flash merrily.

* * * * *

“ While ever and for ever goeth up to God for doom
The city's breath of life and death, in glory or in gloom,
And there it rings each spirit round, of light or darkness
woven.

And they shall wake and walk their self-unfolded hell or
heaven.

Nightly a merry harvest home the Devil in London drives,
And gath'ron the shores of hell the wreck of human
lives.

I shall never forget what happened in the north of England some years ago. They turned out of a public-house at Gateshead a young girl, described in the Newcastle on Tyne daily papers as very beautiful—eighteen years of age—at eleven o'clock on Saturday night—*drunk*—picked up dead under a wall on Sunday morning. Eighteen years of age! Think of it you fathers with young daughters! Eighteen years of age! you young men who have sisters! Eighteen years of age! you English girls who have come here with a joy in your hearts brighter than the beams of the morning! Eighteen years of age! they were few years to chronicle a life of sin, and blacken the end of it with such lurid and awful darkness. And when I got back to London, for at that time I was living there, a lion had broken loose in Astley's theatre, in the Westminster road, and had killed a man; then all the daily papers wrote articles as long as my arm; they said the Government should step in, they said the Lord Chamberlain should interfere, they said all such exhibitions should be put a stop to, they said the lives of Her Majesty's subjects should be protected; but I say that in every town and city in England to-night there's greater than a lion amongst us,—and it slays the health, the happiness, the prosperity, and the virtue of thousands and tens of thousands of the people. And now I have tried to show you how the Battle of Life may be bravely fought. I have said work—wait—bear—be wisely ambitious—get character—be real—do that which lies close to you—be men of principle—love home—cherish the fireside joys—live the pure life; and now let me add this: while you are trying to get on in the world yourself—help others to do the same. Carry about with you a hand willing to help, and a heart ready to pity all those who have fallen by the way. Remember in kindness those

“who cherished
Noble longings for the strife ;
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.”

You ask me to look at the star-spangled heavens, and, as I behold planet after planet, you say, “one soul outweighs them all.” You proclaim it more precious than mine of gold, or crown of jewels ; and you whisper that it was bought with a price—its price being the agony and death of the Meek and Lowly One. You tell me that the noblest work in which I can engage is to be instrumental in saving a soul from death, and lifting it up to the liberty of sonship with God. Do you believe it? Oh, then, here are souls passing away, uncared for, unloved, unwept—going down to the “grave without hope or God in the world”—sinking in the great ocean of iniquity, without a rising bubble to tell of their disappearance. And you say that life is so short, time is so fleeting, opportunities for doing good are so transient. In one year, from January to January, there were thirty-one million, five hundred thousand of the world’s population who went down to the earth again. Place them in long array, and they will give a moving column of thirteen hundred to every mile of the globe’s circumference. Ponder and look at this astounding computation! What a spectacle as they move on—tramp—tramp—tramp—forward upon this stupendous death march :

“Life is short and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.”

Or, as has been sweetly sung :

“A hundred years! and still and low
Will be my sleeping head!

A hundred years, and grass will grow
Above my dreamless bed.

“The grass will grow, the brooks will run,
Life still as fresh and fair,
Will break in beauty 'neath the sun;
Where will my place be? where?”

Oh come and strengthen the hands of those who for long years have toiled in the Master's vineyard. Tell me not that you care only for gold, for wealth, for pleasure, for applause, for the mere gratification of selfish aims, and personal ambitions. Here is *truth* to be uplifted—*liberty* to be guarded—*love* to be practised, and *good news*, or *glad tidings* of great joy to be whispered to the people: here are hearts to be enlarged, minds to be cultivated, sympathies to be quickened, joys to be perfected, homes to be brightened, fetters to be broken, and souls to be emancipated from the thralldom of sin and Satan. Pray, in the Battle of Life, for more Faith. I remember reading a poem about a number of travellers who sat on the sea shore one evening and with tearful eyes and quivering lips told their losses. One mourned departed joys, and another a buried household, and another the unfulfilled hopes of youth, and a fourth vanished gold; and one spake of

“a green grave,

Beside a foreign wave

That made him sit so lonely on the shore.”

But there was one who said, “A believing heart” had gone from him; and they all agreed that his was the greatest loss. O for more faith! Going up and down the land in winter time, I watched the thin green blades of wheat peeping through the cold damp earth.

“Small and feeble, slender and pale,
It bent it's head to the winter gale.”

Presentley it

“Saw chesnuds bud out and campions blow,
And daisies mimic the vanish’d snow.”

Then when spring rains had fostered, and summer
suns warmed, there was seed for the sower and
bread for the great family of man. It is so in the
moral vineyards.

“God, my brothers, will not leave us,
Still his heaven is o’er us bent ;
His commandments are not grievous,
Do His will and be content.”

And now Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to con-
clude this lecture with an old proverb.. I want to
conclude with two. One is: “It’s never too late to
mend.” The other: “Tis never too soon to
begin.” Never too late to mend. “Stop a minute
Mr. De Fraine,” I hear some one say, “Isn’t that
a proverb for bad people? I don’t get drunk.” Of
course you don’t. “I never use bad language.”
It would be very shameful if you did. “I pay
twenty shillings in the pound.” I almost wonder
your neighbours don’t give three cheers for you,
seeing that such a lot of persons don’t pay twenty
shillings in the pound. But for all that, the story
of my lecture to-night is: “It’s never too late to
mend.” Are you the best man in the town? There
are heights to which you have never attained, and
aspirations of the soul you have never breathed;
and what’s the story of my lecture to-night but this;
“Be not weary in well doing, and remember it’s
never too late to mend.” Are you the cleverest
man? Dr. Arnold used to say the more knowledge he
acquired, the more it showed him his own
ignorance. Then there are unexplored fields
before you; and what’s the story of my lecture
but this: Enter them, and remember “It’s never

too late to mend." Are you an English girl striving to add sweetness to a sweet life by being good, and doing good, here in this place where you first saw the light, and where one day you will put down your tired head and die, the Battle of Life all over,—shall I tell you that "It's never too late to mend;" and quote for you Charles Kingsley's beautiful words:

"Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

Do noble things—not dream them all day long;

And so make life—death—and God's vast for ever

One grand sweet song."

Have you come into this hall, a man in years, and you are saying to yourself: If I could have heard that lecture when I was a lad of eighteen, and had followed its teachings, to this hour, I should have been a happier and better man; but it's too late now. Oh, say not so. During the civil war in America, news flew down the Shenandoah that a battle was nearly lost. Sheridan mounted horse, and collected the scattered forces, and at the eleventh hour turned what seemed a defeat into a victory. Oh, thou of the wasted life, the battle is nearly lost, but not quite, for you are alive, and whilst there's life there's hope; and what's the story of my lecture but this: "It's never too late to mend". Last summer I went and stood on the field where a great battle had been fought. All down those grassy slopes the hostile armies had charged, and struggled, and fought, and wrestled in the deadly and awful grips of battle. There had resounded the shouts of the pursuers, and the marches of the victorious, and the wails of the dying, and the mournful moans and dire alarms of war; but when I stood there, all was still and solemn, like the summer sea or the stars at midnight, A brook flowed over white

pebbles, and a lark sang at the blue gate of heaven, and the beautiful grass lifted its face to the still more beautiful sky. I stood there all alone, and the awful memories of that spot crowded up thick and fast upon my brain. There at my feet blood had been spilt like water, and just as a few days before I had seen the brown fisted peasants, in the little villiage where I live, put scythe and sickle to the bearded barley, so had the scythes and sickles of war mowed down men—the bonny and stalwart in the ruddy prime and bloom of their manhood. When I thought of those things my heart began to beat thick and fast; and I said to myself ‘Oh, poor beating heart be still. It is so ever. God renews the face of the earth after man’s desolation. Hoof of war and tramp of battle, and now the daisy lifting up its head in modest and regal pride.” So too God will renew your life if you turn to Him. Wasted, marred, soiled with sin; yet He can make your last days your best days, and fill the gloaming of your life with the joy and beauty of “a light never beheld on sea or shore.” Oh, to-night arise, and live, and bear ridicule, and work for God.

Though the world should scorn and jeer,
Never falter—never fear!

If there throb within your soul
Yearnings for the heavenly goal—
If you are with God allied,
Truth and mercy on your side,
Then the world may scorn and jeer—
But God will bless you, never fear.

Onward, brother, pause, nor stay—
Faint and weary by the way;
Is it now the dreary night?
Hope for morning’s golden light.
Spurn the shams which curse the years,

Hate the cause of woe and tears,
Cleave to all things good and pure,
Only virtue can endure.

Strong in faith, and brave of heart,
Never from the right depart;
Not for gold—nor wealth—nor fame,
Barter freedom's hallow'd name!

Let your thoughts for aye aspire—
Godward—heavenward—higher!
Then the world may scorn and jeer,
But God will bless you, never fear.



THE

OTHER SIDE.

THE OTHER SIDE.

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JOHN BULL, with a good deal of rough, healthy common sense, inclines to the belief that there must be two sides to a question, and very often on looking at both, he finds that there's six to one and half a dozen to the other. Indeed it very rarely happens, in this world, that things are like the Bridgnorth elections—all one way; and perhaps to the man we disliked so much, and the movement we derided so much, and the efforts we impeded so much, there was aside of truth and beauty, which in the littleness of our poor and narrow philosophy, we had never once dreamt about. The other side! We put a laurel wreath on the brow of *success*: who cares for defeat, or thinks of the bravery with which it once fought, and the manful courage with which it once endured. We applaud the clown in the circus, with the paint on his cheek, and the broad grin on his face: who cared if his heart was sorrowful, or would ever have thought that a painted fool, could have heard, through the cheers of a circus, the weak wails of a sick child at home. Charles Dickens painted for us the quick witted, rattle-brained, Cheap Jack: there was the other side to him, for it was the rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, who raised little Sophy from degradation, and brought her into com-

munication with her kind. When that Spartan boy wrapped round him his cloak, nobody thought that a fox, on the other side was gnawing his vitals. When poor Tom Hood moved the world to such wise and gracious mirth, nobody ever dreamt that his merriest laughter was baptized with tears of living human pain. The other side ! Are we all like Proteus, capable of assuming every conceivable shape ? There are two sides to a great many of us I fear. To noisy demagogues who denounce place hunting in high circles, but who grow fat on loaves and fishes filched from honest labour ; to the advertisers who promise you a princely income for twenty-four stamps,—for they diddle you out of your money ; to the “ marvellous bargains,”—especially when you pay three shillings and sixpence for a fourteen-penny article ; to the nice young man, the song tells us about, who wooed so softly, and sang so sweetly, and charmed the young ladies in the drawing room so much,—but who slipped out of the back door with the silver spoons in his pockets ; to the railway porter who shouts “ now then,” and pushes them in, and bangs the door, with a savage slam that has no respect for the nerves of third or second class cattle,—but who runs so fast, and touches his hat so politely, when you recline on cushions, and tip him a shilling from the window of a first-class carriage ; to the station master who ordered, in bumptious tones, the quiet, elderly gentleman at the end of the platform, (they said it was Lord Palmerston) to put out his cigar, and not smoke there, and do it at once, and be quick about it,—but who finding presently that it was really a live Lord, went, with that snobbey peculiar to snobs, and immediately begged his lordship’s pardon. The other side ! Yesterday I saw the clouds black and stormy, but behind them there was the blue sky “ a thing of beauty and a joy for

ever." The hill of difficulty was hard to climb, but it led to the city of plenty. The race may be long and hot, to weary souls and fevered flesh; but it may bring the gift of wealth, and the prize of name and fame. Some of you men and women now listening to me, have, had troubles, trials, tears, days of unutterable agony, and nights of unspeakable pain: there was the other side to these things, and a right blessed one if they heralded "the angel of patience," or if to one broken heart they brought gleams of the peace which passeth understanding. Some of you have had losses too. Oh! how hard they were to bear, when under church-yard daisies you laid those who were as dear to you as your own life. There was the other side to that. Mrs. Browning brave and gifted, saw it, when she stood by that little child's grave at Florence, and under Italian skies sang:

"Well done of God, to halve the lot,
And give her all the sweetness:
To us, the empty room and cot,—
To her, the Heaven's completeness.
To us, this grave—to her the rows
The mystic palm-trees spring in,
To us, the silence in the house,—
To her, the choral singing.
For her, to gladden in God's view,—
For us, to hope and bear on!
Grow Lily, in thy garden new,
Beside the rose of Sharon."

The other side. Take *pretence* and *vanity*,—the other side I'll speak about in a minute. Isn't the age, in which you and I live enslaved by stuck-up affectations? Why here's boots wont speak to slippers; and wholesale turns up it's nose at retail; and the eighteen-penny folk, as might be expected, are giving the nine-penny three farthing ones the cold shoulder. Douglas Jerrold said it was a question

of pig iron growing ashamed of tenpenny nails. A right note was sounded on the other side of the Atlantic years ago, when Emerson began to teach about a pride that builds up manliness and keeps the earth sweet. A pride that goes rusty and educates the boy. A pride that will wear seedy cap and outgrown coat, that it may secure the coveted place in the college and the right in the library. A pride that saves on superfluities, and spends on essentials. A pride that will pay off the mortgage on the paternal farm, give every man his due, go cheerfully to work, and keep its honour untarnished. But between that pride and modern vanity there's a very great gulf. Vanity likes vincer, and nickel silver, and purple and fine linen. Vanity gets worried every day of it's life by uneasy thoughts about it's poor relations, it's uncle the blacksmith, or it's cousin the besom maker. Vanity lifts men up and drops them down, leads to debt, and the bankruptcy court, and eight-pence three-farthings in the pound; and it's a long, sad, dirty, desolate way that ends in nothing but defeat to those who go down it. Abernethy, when he was a candidate for a vacant physicianship at St. Thomas' Hospital, went one morning into a rich grocer's in the Borough, who was one of the trustees. The grocer was a very vain man, and immediately he saw Abernethy, he drew himself up, and in a most pompous manner said: "Well Mr. Abernethy, I suppose you have called to solicit my vote and interest." "No I have'nt," Abernethy replied, "I've called for two penn'orth o' Figs—make haste and weigh 'em"! The Rev. Mr. Owen, a late Rector of St. Jude's, Chelsea, used to tell a capital story of a vain and ignorant man who had acquired a great deal of money at brass founding. When he had amassed considerable wealth he retired into private life. When he got there he began to

call his son "the young squire." That was with a view to induce folk to call him "the old squire;" but it didn't answer, and the folly met it's death blow at a public dinner, where a wag in proposing the health of the family said; "Here's to the old squire, the young squire, the squireen, and the squirt!" That rather settled it; for from that day to this, nothing has been heard of the young squire. Then you have not only social pretence and vanity, but *intellectual* pretence and vanity, which to me seems almost worse. There's that wonderful word "*we*," and the still more wonderful one "*I*." You all remember the three tailors of Tooley Street, who began their petition with the words: "We the men of England:" When the fly got upon the wheel of the carriage it said: "Bless us what a dust I do kick up!" There's an old proverb that says "Every ass thinks himself worthy to stand with the King's horses." But asses deceive themselves; and he that's a donkey, and thinks himself a deer, will find out his mistake at the leaping of the ditch." Douglas Jerrold used to be much annoyed by a bumptious and conceited young gentleman, who would persist in interrupting the conversation. One night this young gentleman got up and waving his hand in a majestic manner over the meeting said: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense." "Exactly Sir," said Douglas "that's precisely what you do want.;" Sheridan the orator, used to be troubled by a noisy and conceited member in the House of Commons, who was always shouting "Hear hear." One night Sheridan was speaking, and describing somebody's rascality, and as he proceeded he grew excited and exclaimed: "where in all the world can you find a greater villian?" "Hear, hear" shouted the noisy and conceited member. "Much obliged to you Sir, for the information" said Sheridan, and immediately sat

down. Rougher than that is the story of the farmer standing under the gateway of the village inn. An empty-headed dandy went up to him and said: "some people take me for an Italian, some take me for a Spaniard, some for an American, remarkably few persons take me for an Englishman. Pray what do you take me for?" "I take you for a fool" said the farmer.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us,
It wad from many an error free us.
And foolish blunder."

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, if you want to know what I believe to be the other side both of social pretence and intellectual vanity, it is I think to do, what, for years, I have in my poor way, being trying to do up and down this land. It is to teach our young men to be real, and natural, and honest, and earnest, God fearing, and brave, and true. It is to show them the majesty of earnestness: It is to imbue them with reverence for truth: It is to teach them to tread softly in presence of life's awful and manifold mysteries. The world doesn't want *sound*, it wants *sense*: not *words*, but *work*: not language, but *living*: not that our young men should say *anything*, but that they should do something. Oh, dear friends who are the noblest? Those who sit and sigh in easy chairs, and talk fine bescented and embroidered philanthropy; or those who follow in the footsteps of that good sister of the good Vicar of Preston, who sacrificed her health, and shattered the golden bowl of life for ever, in unwearying devotion to the sick, and starving during that cotton famine in Lancashire years ago? For my part, I believe one hour's work for God and humanity, to be worth a month's prating and making a noise in the world.. I believe devotion to be

higher than cant; duty to be nobler than fault finding; and that he will best serve this town—not who has the longest face, but the bravest and purest heart,—a soul in which the joy bells of a diviner existence make their music continually, teaching him too, to march to Tennyson's noble words:

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory!
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the fair light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

Instead of this many people want ism and ology, and fine transcendental theories, and they turn their backs upon common sense; but what would common sense do for our young men? Common sense would say: look on the bright side; face things like a man; the longest lane will turn, and the darkest night will broaden into heavenly day. Common sense would say: if you are down get up again, and go to work; I can't find bread for my children said an idler in the market square. Neither can I replied a common sense miller, "I have to work for it." Common sense would say: do your work well, and let the work speak for itself. I looked up into the gallery of our little parish church one Sunday, and I saw seventeen persons, fourteen of them being asleep. I

immediately began to think about Dean Ramsey's story, in his "Scottish Reminiscences" of the church in Scotland where the people were always asleep. At last a meeting of the heads of the congregation was held, and it was finally resolved that a number of snuff boxes, on a large scale, should be fixed to the end of long poles, and handed over the pews, amongst the sleepy ones, during the sermon; but a common sense elder who sat in the corner, and had kept remarkably quiet, said he thought it would be a much better plan if the snuff was put into the sermon! And I think so too. Common sense would keep us from much of the idle gossip and wicked scandal so peculiar to certain persons and certain localities. If anybody wants to start a story that's likely to be painful, disagreeable, and cutting, they never tell you who told them, or where they got their information from; but it's always "they say!" *They say* Mrs. Stiggins starves her servant—*they say* the Curate buys his sermons ready made—*they say* Mr. Pump, the teetotaller; drinks gin out of a tea pot—*they say* the beautiful Miss Violet is no better than she ought to be—*they say* that A. B. is in debt—and that C. D. keeps bad company—and that E. F. threshes his wife. Ladies and gentlemen, who are "*they*?" The busybodies who can find so much time to sweep everybody else's doorway clean, and never five minutes to look to their own! And what's the other side of all their "*they*" saying? Why just this:—

"Oh, how hard it appears to leave others alone,
And those with most sin often cast the first stone;
What missiles we scatter, wherever we pass,
Though our own walls are formed of most delicate glass!
Faults and errors choke up like a snow storm I ween,
But we each have a door of our own to sweep clean;
And t'would save us a vast many squabbles and cares,
If we'd trouble our heads with our own affairs.

The Browns spend the bettermost part of the day,
In watching the Greens who live over they way;
They know about this, and they know about that,
And can tell Mr. Green when he has a new hat.

Mrs. Brown finds that Mrs. Green's never at home,
Mrs. Brown doubts how Mrs. Green's money can come;
And Mrs. Brown's youngest child tumbles down stairs,
Through not troubling her head with her own affairs.

Let a symptom of wooing and wedding be found,
And full soon the impertinent whisper goes round;
The fortune, the beauty, the means, and the ends,
Are all carefully weighed by our good natured friends.

'Tis a chance if the lady is perfectly right,
She must be a flirt, if she is not a fright;
Oh, how pleasant 'twould be if these meddlesome bears,
Would but *trouble* their heads with their own affairs!"

But I hear speakers, on certain platforms, say that if you want a great or a good man you must go to the graveyard and dig him up. Then, on the other side, I hear them run up the age in which we live, as though it were a ladder whose top got lost in heaven; and I thought I would be honest, and try and look at both sides. Sometimes I think the age has a weakness for brag. I know many persons who carry a great deal more money in their mouths, than they are ever once capable of finding in their pockets. I think it has a weakness for vulgar, fine airs—reminding one of the woman shouting "Hi, hi; stop that cow, man!" "How dare you speak to me like that. I am not a man; I'm a magistrate!" A weakness for small honours. Takes a trip to places where degrees are cheap, and comes home in nineteen weeks with D.D. or M.A. at the end of its name. A straw hat manufacturer went to America, some years ago, from Bedfordshire, and returned home in thirteen weeks with M.A. at the end of his name. Somebody suggested that they were going to write manufacturer, and had'nt time to finish the word. A weakness, I have before said, for troubling

its head with other people's business—especially if you have prospered in the world, and made money, longing to find out whether your father was a scavenger, or a bargeman; and ransacking the records of, I can't tell how many generations, in order to find out whether your wife's mother's fifteenth cousin's uncle's aunt ever took in washing. A weakness for local prejudices and narrow antipathies. Clings to the old belief, Sam Slick said, that any Britisher, single handed, could whop three Frenchmen. Looks at a stranger, as much as to say; "I be who I be, and who be you, if you please." And is'n't unlike the farmer's man who went from his native town, by an excursion train, to London, forty-three miles distant, at eight o'clock in the morning, returning at seven in the evening. "Well, Thomas," his master said to him, "how did you like London?" "Hang Lunnon, master; old England for me," was the reply. A weakness for slang words and flash talk. All the lads of seventeen know more, in my days, than bearded and wrinkled men of seventy. But not to be too hard upon lads, a great many persons, who long ago passed from the golden days of youth, have entirely forgotten an old fashioned virtue that once in this world used to be called civility. I shall never forget what an old man said to me when I was a boy. He laid his hand on my head, and said, "John, lad, thee be civil, be civil, and it will be passport for thee through life." Now when I stand on London Bridge about 5 o'clock in the evening, and see that wonderful, human life crowd sway and sweep there continually, I know that if you wish to get over you must lay a hand gently on a shoulder there, and stand back a second there, and walk quickly along in rank and file there, and you'll get over, and everything will go off pleasantly

enough; but if you begin to stick out that uncivil bony elbow of yours, and knock to the right and the left, you'll do, for a little while. A great many will be in a hurry, and they won't notice you at all. A good many will mutter that you are a puppy, about which symbolically speaking, I should think there won't be very much mistake; but by and bye you'll go to the wall and the gutter, and get what you deserve, or I shall be very much deceived and disappointed. I believe snobs and bullies always do get—in the end—what they deserve. I read a capital story the other day about a fat woman who got into an omnibus in Brussels. When she sat down a gentleman—so called—said "Ha-um; omnibuses were'nt made to carry Elephants." "Sir," said the lady, "Omnibuses are like Noah's ark, intended to carry all kinds of beasts." But I read a much better story even than that about a Counsel who would persist in bullying every witness who got into the box. One day, he said: "My Lord, the witness, I shall now call forward, my Lord, is what I call my Lord, begging your Lordship's pardon, for the use of such a term in your Lordship's presence, half a fool my Lord." Now witness, speak up, and let the gentlemen of the jury hear you. Who made you?" "I dunn'o know—Moses I s'pose." "Well, my Lord, the witness appears to have a much better knowledge of Scripture names than I thought he had." "If you please my lord," said the witness, may I ax the Counsellor a question?" Permission having been given. "Well then—now then, said the witness, who made you?" "Oh, said the Counsel, Aaron, I suppose Sir, Aaron, my good Sir, yes certainly Sir, Aaron." "I thought so, my Lord," said the witness, "I knew it was coming, I knew we could'nt get another answer my Lord. We do read in the good book as how Aaron once made a

calf, but who'd a thought the critter would ha' walked in here?" A weakness for mere agitation and noise. Never satisfied unless its practising Sam Weller's advice to Mr. Pickwick when they were sliding, "to keep the pot a'bilin;" and running as it seems to me, in the rut of setting class against class; but if nobody else will do it, I, wherever God gives me the opportunity to speak, will raise my voice and say: Beware of setting class against class. Bridge over the gulfs which separate man from man. Let there be living links of sympathy from rank to rank: then all of us, rich and poor, high and low, old and young, should do our work in the light of those heavenly words in the Best Book: "the rich and the poor meet together, the Lord is the maker of them all." We should strive to roll away the weakness and wickedness of this age. We should make this land the perpetual home of freedom. We should spread peace, and prosperity, and intelligence amongst the people; and we should do something towards reviving some of that spirit of the Roman Empire, so eloquently chanted by Macaulay:—

"Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old."

But I turn that picture to the wall; for in my own day I have seen public *worth* as well as public weakness. I have seen two notable instances of heroic, self-renunciation in great public men. One was a Prince. He was modest, wise, retiring. He bore for nearly twenty years the abuse and the misrepresentation of a large section of the British people; and he went down to an early grave amidst

their idle tears and still more idle flatteries; but he arose, I believe, to a resurrection of eternal fame, and remembered for his useful life, and revered for his spotless character he will be thought of through all time as Albert the Good. The other was a man, and a man only; but he was a man in the sublimest acceptation of the word. He was what Virgil calls: "a man of humanity." He was bold, brave, lion-like, tender, simple, gentle as a child. I mentioned his name, last night, when I said that he gave a kingdom to a king, and with the riches of a great city all lying at his feet went back to his island home a poor man, untitled, unstarred, unbadged—plain Joseph Garibaldi, "rich only in the priceless treasure of a nation's love, and in the glad thought of a great work right bravely done." The age in which you and I live saw the story of the good ship "Birkenhead." Oh never did page of history gleam with brighter record than the one which tells the story of that brave and ill-fated ship. How three hundred men in the pride and prime of life, stood on the deck of that ship—in living rank and file,—whilst the women and children escaped in boats to land, and life, and home, and safety, these waited with pathetic and awful patience to be engulfed in that hungry and dreadful gray sea. The age in which you and I live saw that "thin, red-streak" of British valour on Balaclava's plain. The age in which you and I live saw the story of Grace Darling. Grace the young and bonny. Grace, whose round arms, that once pulled the boats to sea grew early in life so thin, and whose brave bosom got hacked with consumption. Is there any need tell the history of that brave girl:—"Is there any need to repeat the beautiful story which every fisher-boy and North Sea sailor knows word for word, and which, because it is so simple and so

dear, the whole world has got by rote? Not much to tell either, beside grand campaigns and battles, but oh, so different, and so much better to tell! If you sail or steam along the rugged northern coast of England—bound, say, for Edinburgh or Aberdeen—and evening falls between Newcastle and Berwick, you will see a look-out kept for the Fern Islands light, and presently sight the dark low rocks and the seething surf on them. And then, if you want telling, somebody will say, “That’s Grace Darling’s lighthouse;” and should you ask for the narrative, any one of the crew will play historian: How, on a blacker and fiercer night than the run of bad weather off this iron shore, the Forfarshire, a Dundee packet, laden with goods and passengers, mistaking the lights, struck the seaward reef; and how Grace and her father were tending the light, and heard voices calling through the darkness for help. And then they made out signals, and the gestures of poor forlorn creatures all alone and drowning in the hungry grey sea, without a chance of life, unless at the risk of other lives. North-coast boat-men are not afraid of wet jackets, and never were; but the oldest sailors shook their heads at those savage breakers and that howling night-wind, and said that the castaways must look to God’s mercy. Yet Grace Darling, only a girl of nineteen, then stood up among them, and said that God’s mercy could help the strong to aid the weak, and that it touched their manhood to stand by and let poor creatures perish without a struggle for it. And when her entreaties could not move the coast-men, terrified as even they were by the boiling waters, she went to her womanly weapon, and cried. Noble tears!—dear tears!—tears that glisten through a humble history for ever, as diamonds and the rest of it never can, because they came straight

out of a pure heart into gentle eyes, and fell fast with the sweet passion of saving tears for others ! One stalwart fellow, her father, couldn't stand Grace's tears ; '*The wench shall have her will,*' he said, and they launched the coble and got afloat and pulled clear ; the girl's arms, tugging stoutly at the oar. And whether He was abroad who made the lake-waves lie still in Galilee, or whether they had only luck, or whether the bitter storm gave over blowing for a spell, certainly Grace 'had her will ;' for the coble reached the Forfarshire, and rounded-to under her lee, out of the worst of the wash, and then and there the Northumberland girl—God bless her !—and her father, picked out of the jaws of death eight shivering wretches, and a woman besides—Grace's especial prize—whose babies were dead already in her lap, drenched to death in spite of the warm breakwater of a mother mother's bosom." That's the story of Grace Darling ; and as long as we can say that the age in which we live gave birth to such bravery, who'll call it merely a beggarly and a braggart age. When God speaks great hearts will flash forth at His bidding. Oh, won't you pray that you may be true to the voice of duty, and strive every hour to quit yourselves like men. The Other Side. Take Majorities. The other side will be Minorities. Majorities like easy places and snug corners. Majorities like to be cockered and to eat cake. Majorities like beef, and porter, and brass, and mahogany. Majorities like smooth sailing : but rough waters teach oarsmen a lesson ; and William Jay, of Bath, was right : "Any dead fish can go *with* the tide, but it takes a live one to go against it." It's the fashion in these days to tickle majorities, and say fine things about "the people" and "the masses ;" but I have come

to say a word for Minorities. I trust I am not such a sham teacher as to come here and tell young people that it's an easy thing to go with the few, when all their friends and companions are going with the many; but for all that, the way of the few may be right, and the way of the many may be wrong; the way of the many may lead to death and the way of the few may lead to life, even life eternal. Is it any disgrace to be in a minority? There's hardly a privilege or blessing we enjoy to day, that was not bought for us by the toils and tribulations, the struggles and sufferings of minorities. Is it any disgrace to be in a minority? In a minority! So was Columbus when he steered for the unknown shores, and broke a path-way to the distant realms that in the earth's broad shadow lay enthralled. In a minority! So were the "Pilgrim Fathers when they launched the Mayflower," and were borne to their distant home by favouring seas and breeze. In a minority! So was John Wycliffe when he protested against laziness, as patronised by religion; but to day his name is a bright memory, and in ages yet to come he will be known as the "morning star of the Reformation." In a minority! So was Martin Luther, when he stood up before principalities and powers exclaiming: "here stand I, and will not move so help me God." In a minority! So was Henry Martyn, when he left the cloistered halls of Cambridge to labour under the burning and fatal sun of the east. In a minority! So was Lloyd Garrison, when he toiled in a small chamber, friendless and unseen—

"Yet there the Freedom of a race began."

In a minority! So was John Hampden, when he made a stand against ship money; but that led to a memorable fight, and to the bringing out of a still more memorable man, Oliver Cromwell. In a

minority! So was John Howard, when he began to visit the local prisons of Bedfordshire; but that led to a "circumnavigation of charity"—most eloquently described by our great orator Edmund Burke. In a minority! So was that Garibaldi, whose name I mentioned a few minutes since, when he landed one morning in Sicily with a "mere handful of followers," but that led to the destruction of Bourbon tyranny and to the foundation of a great Italian kingdom. In a minority! So were the first heralds of the Gospel. "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy." And all the great movements have been ridiculed, and noble enterprises were called "Utopian," and brave hearts were mocked to the verge of the cold and starless road of death; but our cry shall be:

"We cannot heed that idle ban—
 "Your schemes are all Utopian!"
 By the heart that beats within,
 We'll try Truth's farthest goal to win—
 To go where Right alone shall lead,
 Though phalanx'd foes our path impede.
 Truths which the prophet-soul doth scan,
 Vain men mock as Utopian;
 But still he reads with flashing eye
 The bliss that waits humanity;
 Vivid the world to be is seen,
 Beyond the years that intervene.'
 Rejoice, rejoice, large-hearted man;
 Your schemes are all Utopian;
 By that brave name the world shall know
 Those bosoms that ne'er cease to glow
 With hopes and aims that shall embrace
 Whate'er can bless the human race."

The other side. Take Fact. The other side will be Fancy. I don't mean the Fancy a grocer in my native town spoke about. A woman went into the

shop one day, and said she wanted a pound of fresh butter. "There's no fresh butter in the place said the grocer," but half a shop full of salt; and if you'll take a pound of that, and eat it, and *fancy* it is fresh it will be all the same I can assure you. People come here, and they bother and pester one as though the shop was made of fresh butter: but I tell them what I tell you: if they'd take salt, and eat it, and fancy it was fresh, it would be all the same. "Well the woman said, if that was the case she'd have a pound of it. So she had the butter, and put it into her basket, and walked out of the shop. "Stop, stop, stop my good woman," said the grocer, you have'nt paid me." "No Sir, said the woman, fancy you're paid, its all the same I can assure you." Douglas Jerrold said there were some persons so exceedingly matter of fact, that if you began to talk to them about Jacob's ladder, they wanted immediately to know how many steps there were in it. They treat poetry, and fancy, and the finer thoughts and feelings of heart and life pretty much, as an old farmer in Buckinghamshire used to treat astronomy. His observation was: "They say the sun's ninety-five millions o' miles from us, and as how the stars and the planets ha' got people in em.' Well what ha' we got to do with that. They aint a coming here I 'spose, and we aint a going there, so what I says is, let 'em alone, and don't bother your brains about such stuff and nonsense." And a great many persons, I repeat, treat poetry, and the finer fancies of intelligence in much the same way. But I am going to say something that very few people think about, and yet I believe it as firmly as I believe I see this audience, about which I am happy to say I have not the slightest doubt. I believe every man's life might be rounded to the beauty of a poem, and these common days of

ours march to moral rhythm as though they kept time to the beat of unseen angel feet by our side. Believe me now, if never yet again, the greatest poet will be he who makes his life a poem, and sets his country's fate to living music. And there is an eloquence as far surpassing that of words, as the lightning with vivid flash surpasses the braggart thunder at its heels. It is the eloquence of a brave and good life devoted to truth and God. I never think of what I have called the finer fancies of intelligence without two or three sweet poems coming into my head. They have often charmed and cheered me. In their way I know of nothing sweeter in the whole range of human speech or song; and I want to repeat them because they bear upon the thoughts that are now running through my brain. Here is one by James Russell Lowell:—

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night;
Had been heaping field and highway,
With a silence deep and white.
Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig on the elm tree,
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.
From sheds new roof'd with cararra,
Came chanticleers muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swansdown,
And still fluttered down the snow.
Then I sat and thought of a grave in sweet Auburn.
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.
Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying "father who makes it snow;"
Then I told of the great All-Father,
Who cares for us all below.
And with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, did not know,
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deep'ning snow."

Or listen to this, by Gerald Massey, on

POOR LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles;
Worlds of wisdom in his looks,
And quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber, touch with
Gold of heaven so brave;
All lying darkly hid
In a Workhouse grave.
You remember little Willie;
Fair and funny fellow! ho
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty.
Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh,
When, from the cold world,
He croucht down to die.
In the day we wandered foodless,
Little Willie cried for bread;
In the night we wandered homeless,
Little Willie cried for bed.
Parted at the Workhouse door,
Not a word we said:
Ah, so tired was poor Willie,
And so sweetly slept the dead.
'Twas in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth;
The world brought in the New Year,
On a tide of mirth.
But, for lost little Willie,
Not a tear we crave;
Cold and Hunger cannot wake him,
In his Workhouse Grave.
We thought him beautiful,
We felt it hard to part;
We loved him dutiful,
Down, down, poor heart!
The storms they may beat,
The winds they may rave,
Little Willie feels not
In his Workhouse Grave.
No room for little Willie
In the world he had no part;

On him stand the Gorgon eye
Through which looks no heart;
"Come to me," said Heaven,
"Come to me," said Heaven;
And if Heaven will save,
It little matters though the door
Be a Workhouse Grave.

And if these are so rich in pathos and tenderness,
how full of meaning is, this by Longfellow—

THE SINGERS.

God sent His Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again.
The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.
The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.
A gray, old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.
And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.
But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.
"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is turned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

I go to London to lecture; and when I get there I see wealth, life, excitement, gaiety, magnificent houses, gaudy temples of trade, the equipages of the proudest and noblest families in Europe. What

of the other side? Dives fares sumptuously every day—poor Lazarus has'nt a crumb to appease the cravings of hunger. The high-born beauty will go past me in gleam of satin and glitter of pearl—yonder her poor sister, shivering on the pavement, will beg twopence of the stray passer-by, or peering over the bridges that span the river, will think how pleasant a grave she might find under that dark, and coldly rippling water. Your little children will sleep under snow white coverlets, and will be kissed to sweet slumbers by the fondest lips the earth ever gives to us—but there, in many a haunt of wretchedness, they will hide away from the brutality of gin-drinking parents, and sleep in holes and corners where I would not let my dog lie. But why go to London when I am in the country? Why think of Middlesex when perhaps I am so far away from it? Is there no other side to life even in small town or secluded village? I go often to lovely spots. The other day I was in Cumberland, and I climbed an eminence, and saw a most glorious sight. Oh, it was beautiful:—gliding river and grassy field, the bannered pomp of woods, and the lakes sleeping in beauty under the shadow of the everlasting hills; at my feet the golden gorse that Linnæus loved so well, and above my head the bended heavens in their olden splendour, and far away on the horizon's rim, the shining sea. I looked at it till I got humming to myself—for I could not help it—those sweet words of a true poet:—

“Our world is full of beauty,
Like other world's above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love.
The leaf tongues of the forest,
The flower lips of the sod,
The happy birds that hymn their rapture
In the ear of God.

The summer wind that wafteth music,
Over land and sea,
Have all one voice; it singeth that sweet
Song of songs to me:

Our world is full of beauty,
Like other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love.

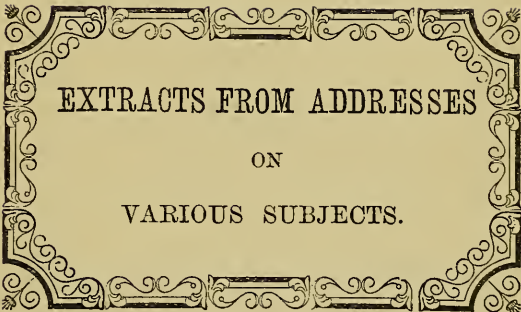
That word "duty" I have been trying to keep before our young people. Indeed, wherever I have gone to speak I have tried to do two things. I have tried to put a clearer thought into the head, and a tenderer feeling into the heart. That morning when I stood amid the Cumberland hills, I saw something—far away in the distance—looking very bright. It shone like silver in the autumn sunlight, and when I got nearer it was a little rill. It was very small, but the water went pattering merrily over the white stones—on, and on, and on—into the green fields below, where it gained force and strength—on and on—a brook, twisting and chattering through the valleys—on and on, till it grew to be a river, and at last it became part of the ever sounding sea. That's your life and mine, poor men. A little rill it may be, leaping up amidst mountains of difficulty, poverty, temptation, care, hard work, sore struggles for the bread which perisheth; but if the sunshine of God's blessing be upon it, that poor life of thine shall flash back living beauty—thou too shalt know the dignity of labour, the joy of well doing, the glory of being a true man, and the bliss that awaits those whose days go on to the boundless ocean of immortality. A clearer thought in the head, and a tenderer feeling in the heart. I want you to feel for sorrow and suffering. Many of you are young and happy, and you know little of the world's wretchedness and misery; and yet there is work even for you, for there is work for all.

“There is work for all in this world of ours—
Ho! idle dreamers in sunny bowers!
Ho! giddy triflers with time and health!
Ho! covetous hoarders of golden wealth!
There is work for each, there is work for all,
In the peasant's cot, in the noble's hall;
There is work for the wise and eloquent tongue,
There is work for the old, there is work for the young;
There is work that tasks manhood's strengthened zeal,
For his nation's welfare, his country's weal;
There is work that asks woman's gentle hand,
Her pitying eye, and her accents bland;
From the uttermost bounds of this earthly ball
Is heard the loud cry, 'There is work for all.'
Look at our brethren toiling in chains,
There is work for all while a slave remains;
Think of the waste of human life,
In the deadly scenes of the battle strife;
Gaze on the drunkard's wife and child,
List to his ravings so fierce and wild;
Look on the gibbet with shuddering eye,
As the place where a fellow man may die;
Think on the felon in dungeon dim,
He is thy brother: go, work for him;
Look on the outcast from virtue's pale,
Pity thy sister though erring and frail;
Visit the widow, the orphan, the old,
When the wind blows keen, and the nights are cold;
Think of the poor, in their low estate—
The toiling poor, who make nations great;
Think of the sick, as they helpless lie;
Think of the maniac's frenzied eye:
And remember the grave, with its long repose,
Which “no work, nor device, nor wisdom knows.”
Let the motive be pure, and the aim be right:
What thy hand finds to do, do with thy might;
For, from every clime on this earthly ball
Is heard the loud cry, 'There is work for all.'”

Go down with me for a few minutes to the sea shore. There's a vessel about to start on a journey. Let's fancy it's a summer day—the sky all blue and clear—the sunbeams dancing like gold dust upon the rippling water. Colours flying, music on deck, mother's kissing their boys, it may be, for the last time in the world; strong men choking back the

tears they do not like to show. Forward, amidst shouts and hurrahs, rides the vessel on its journey over the mighty deep. Go down in two or three years' time. There's something coming over that white world of waters. You get a glass and look at it. It's no bigger than a man's hand. It comes on and on, and presently you see white sails flapping in the wind, as clean as any linen. Nearer and nearer. Closer and closer. Why, it's the vessel that went out years ago. Oh, what journeyings it has had. When it dipped down into the trough of the sea, and rose again upon its storm kissed billows; when with the hurly burly there came the very shadow of death; when in every glassy wave the mariners saw wife and children's faces, and dreamt of home, and never thought to reach it. The masts were split, the sails were rent and torn, the vessel's sides were bruised and blackened; and now storms and tempests over, they have come to the haven; they are home, home at last. I always think that's like the life of a young man. I never see a lad start out in the world, but I think of it. Sometimes I picture life as a battle. To-night I dream of it as an ocean. And oh, when a youth starts out on that ocean, how fair, and bright, and bonny, and beautiful do all things look. The sky has no cloud, the earth wears no frown, the sea is clothed in glory. Friends clap their hands, and say it's a fair day. They say he's young, and brave, and clever, and gifted, and handsome. They say he'll make money, succeed in trade, prosper in business, adorn his profession, and be remembered with pride, through tears, when at last he sleeps under daisied mound or glassy wave. Forward rides that little vessel upon the ocean of life. I see something coming. It's a cloud no bigger than a man's hand; but by and bye

it will cover all that fair blue of heaven. It's the first storm of temptation, when you will be tempted to part with every principle that you were taught at a mother's knee to hold as a sacred thing. Now then, lads and young men, these are my last words to you: If into that little barque of yours you will take truth, righteousness, temperance, trust in God, and faith in His dear Son, you will cut through every wave, and ride over every billow, and at last, I believe, you will go home to receive the crown to victors due.

A decorative rectangular border with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork and floral motifs at the corners and midpoints of the sides.

EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESSES

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

WORDS TO LADS.

—:o:—

❖ I WANT you lads to work and think. Some people get their thinking—like their washing—done out; but I want you to think for yourselves. You have a head on your shoulders; get something into it. Don't be a machine; be a man. Don't be content merely to eat, and drink, and sleep, vegetating like a cabbage, and having no more intellectual life than the clods upon which you walk. Improve your mind. Know something of what goes on in the busy world around you. Be civil, and polite, and obliging; kind to little children, and tender to aged people. Use your spare moments. Cultivate your talents. Keep out of the beer shop. Give your hearts to God; and go forth to fight manfully the battle of life which lies before you.

OLD CLOTHES.

—:o:—

♦♦ HAVE the courage to speak to a man, though his coat is worn and shabby. Don't laugh at the scanty garments of the poor. There is a song which says: "Judge not a man by the cost of his clothing." Old Clothes are sometimes made sacred by carefulness and long sacrifices. The girl who can wear an old bonnet, and wear it gracefully and smilingly, will carry many of her little crosses cheerfully through life. Brave hearts often beat under old jackets. Pierce the wrappage, and honour the man. The shabbiest coat to me is the fine broadcloth one that people never mean to pay for.

MOONLIGHT.

—:0:—

SITTING by the fire, and musing over past times, I got strangely from one subject to another, till I began thinking about moonlight. About moonlight nights, with their memories sweet and sad, written upon my heart to last as long as life. The fair form of nature seems often to intensify human emotion, so that when my face lights up with thoughts of boyish laughter, or grows sad with thoughts of youthful tears, I remember how the glistening stars did shine with unspeakable beauty, and the old moon flung its "girdle of glory" over the scenes now moving through my brain.

Moonlight.

Schoolboys coming home from a summer picnic. The night hushed, and calm, and still. All the hedgerows fragrant with perfume. Every pond and brook flashing like silver. The still air made vocal with merry voices. Gay laughter floating like music over the green meadows. Every little heart happy. Every little face flushed with health. Such stories for mother, and sisters, and dear friends. Then good night, and light dreams, such as childhood only knows.

Moonlight.

Over the stormy sea. The wind whistling in fury, and the glassy waves rolling and surging as in wild anger. The moon breaking with a saint-like smile through the rifted clouds. Still over the sea. Helpless upon deck. Weary and worn, sick at heart, and longing for "Home, sweet home."

Moonlight.

Asleep! dreaming the happy dreams of youth—then a sense of weeping and confusion—then a choking voice exclaiming: "John! John! your dear mother's dead!" Ah me! that night can

never be forgotten, nor how I ran for one whose eyes closed only the other day, in the last long sleep, and who has followed our mother "into the silent land." Oh! to grow into young manhood, the temptations of life coming, and the dear one gone who would have soothed with her affection, and blessed with her prayers. There is no helper then but the Heavenly one. No true friend but Him whose burden is easy, and whose yoke is light.

"O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee."

Moonlight.

In a quiet village—often round the old church, and over green meadows—talking of the future—talking, too, of the past. Our hearts beating with hope—our souls bouyant with love. Her face growing dearer day by day. HER face? The face of one who has become the light of my home, and the "good angel of my pilgrimage."

Moonlight.

In the great city. Knowing, alas! what sad scenes do nightly go on under those pale beams. How they shine upon the haunts of wretchedness—upon bruised souls weary of life—upon white-faced women, watching for the drunkard's return; upon sick beds, where fever's parched lips are unmoistened, and the poor sufferer passes away, uncared for and unloved: how they penetrate the feculent haunts of iniquity, where vice holds its carnival and excess runs riot—where things pure and lovely are unknown, where all the tastes are vicious and debasing. Thinking of this, let those who labour to uplift humanity toil on; let all who strive to do good take heart again; and, working and waiting, pray that in God's own time the sunshine may smile upon happier homes, and the queenly moon look down upon a purified and exalted humanity.

SUCCESS AND DEFEAT.

—:0:—

♦♦
✂
✂

NOW much we think of Success. Look at the worship of bank and ledger—the idolatry of the shop—the thirst for gold, burning up sometimes what is truest and tenderest in the heart. Oh, if mere success in money making is to be honoured you will crown Croesus and forget Solon; you will bow down to millionaires, and think nothing of Milton's and Shakespeare's; and your soap boilers, and pickle makers, who have grown rich in a night, will be greater than your students of science and your teachers of the righteousness which exalteth a nation. The world applauds success, but is there no bravery in defeat? Pioneers of civilization returning baffled and disheartened—dreamers of golden dreams who missed the distant El Dorados—struggling nations, fighting for liberty, spurned and crushed by the heel of the tyrant—defenders of the truth scourged and crucified—

“The slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.”

No bravery in defeat? A few years ago there sailed from Plymouth harbour a stately ship called the “London,” and the story of its fearful end subdued us all to tears. Oh, sirs, was there no bravery in that awful defeat in the stormy Bay of Biscay? Husband, and wife, and children waiting patiently for death—courageous women standing bare-headed in the storm—the stalwart actor, who has faced death on many a mimic stage, playing his last tragedy in no imaginary “Tempest”—that gallant and noble-hearted Captain, four days and four nights without sleep, choosing to die with his passengers rather than leave them! England will remember, with pride, for many a long year the brave and devoted Captain John Martin.

BE UP AND DOING.

—:O:—

WILL life with good deeds. Christ bids us work
“to-day.” The cries of the perishing, and the
needs of our own life bid us: “be up and
doing.”

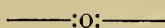
“Lo here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

“Out of eternity
This new day was born;
Into eternity
This night will return.

“Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

“Lo here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.”

A WORD TO CHEER.



If you have hushed one cry of despair, or comforted one bowed and broken spirit, or given soft and tender thoughts to the stony heart that once warred against all flesh, or won the blessing of one ready to perish, or smoothed a furrow from the cheek of care, or wiped away the tears of the motherless child, or going into abodes of poverty, have made the hungry rejoice; or, sitting by the bed of pain and affliction, have thrown rays of heavenly light down the "cold and starless road of death;" then you will have added to the worth of the age; and brought to your own life the music of David's words:—" *Blessed is he that considered the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.*"

SIN AND SORROW.

—:o:—

Sin begets sorrow. It is the moral miasma poisoning the sweet currents of human life. Our vices not only enslave, but they spread misery, and tears, and heart-break all through the world. A woman went before a London magistrate some time since. She said she had been married fourteen years to a drunken husband! Fourteen years of what? Life, joy, happiness? No, they were years of pain and suffering, and bruises to the body, but much worse bruises to the soul be sure. I sat down and cried when I read that newspaper account of a poor woman in Suffolk, holding the head of her drunken husband in her lap—till he died in the cold dreary darkness of a cart-shed. God help these drunkard's wives! The man was tipsy in a public house. He was induced for a wager to drink half-a-gallon of beer in two minutes, after which he was dragged sick and senseless to a cart-shed, and left there. Hither came his wife, to hear his death-gurgle in the darkness, not a human friend or helper near to soothe her desolation, or breathe a word of comfort to her breaking heart. God help these drunkard's wives! I am overwhelmed when I think of their sufferings. I have no words to describe their sorrows. We meet them every day! Pale, weary, sad-faced looking women with rings of care round their eyes, and in their hearts such a weight of agony, they are ready nearly to curse God and die. And these are they who had flushes of beauty upon their cheeks once; and were "wooded and won" in English homes; and with the love of their girlish natures dreamt of long years full of happiness and peace. But the reality is misery, and tears, and blows, and bloodshed. Oh, that sad word "blows." Charles Dickens somewhere finishes a chapter about it, and says:—"Out with the truth upon the base

soul'd villian—he struck her! She only clung round him and cried how could he—could he—could he, and then her voice lost utterance in sobs.” “O woman, God beloved in Old Jerusalem, the best among us need deal but lightly with thy faults, because of the heavy punishment thy nature bears when thou risest up in judgment against us.”



A VILLAGE FAIR.

—:0:—

The village fair commenced on Saturday, and even now, three days after, the red-faced lads and lasses are crowding round the stalls, and the sound of the big drum comes incessantly to my ear. It is some years since I saw anything like it. In a little paddock the stalls are built, and the great booth pitched, and the fun, and din, roar goes on as in a town; only there are features we can never see in the crowded street or busy square. For the hedges all round are like emerald—and the scent of the clover fields is as sweet as a garden posy—and the mowers are whetting their scythes in the next pasture—and up above the canvass of garish stall, and noisy dancing tent, the lark is soaring, and still sending down waves of delicious music to the heedless throng beneath. The village fair is much like other fairs. The stalls are those of our boyhood, with gilded gingerbread, and wheels of fortune, and an infinite variety of toys, in front of which the children are making eyes almost as large as saucers, and chattering, as I heard one of their mothers say, “twenty to the dozen.” There is a collection of waxwork figures, including the finding of Moses in the bulrushes, and the death of Napoleon at St. Helena; a wonderful pony dancing “Pop goes the Weasel,” and telling the rustics which one broke into the orchard, or robbed his grandmother’s sugar pot; a faded and tattered show, from which the light of other days has departed—that trembled and shook like an aspen, from the stage of which a dirty woman was perpetually beating a gong, and a wheezy clown constantly announcing a variety of “comic and sentimental” performances within; wheels of fortune, swing boats, and wooden horses; ballad singers warning the young men not to “kiss the girls at Feast or Fair,” and to another song shouting the chorus—

“She was as beautiful as a butterfly,
As proud as a queen,

Was pretty little Polly Perkins
Of Paddington Green."

Photographic "artists" guaranteeing a perfect likeness in five minutes for sixpence; skittle players, full of noise; the great dancing booth crowded, where, if the toes were neither "light nor fantastic," they pattered and stamped unceasingly; the faces of John and Jane flushed with drink and excitement. In all the fair there was only one sight which made me glad; but there were many which made me sad and miserable. It was a glad sight to see the young merry and joyous—made happy with a few pence—running here and there, full of life and glee—buying a doll, or a whistle, or a penny trumpet—hanging to father's hand, and clinging to mother's dress, with cheeks ruddy, and eyes bright. Who amongst all this crowd will enjoy themselves so much to-day, sleep so sweetly to-night, and wake so light-hearted to-morrow morning? Not those men, surely, whose mouths are foul with low language, who cannot see beyond a quart pot, and whose lives seem so often given up to beastly drinking and their own degradation. They will spend pounds, and not enjoy themselves in the end like those who don't spend a penny. There was hardly a man with any inner sources of enjoyment. Will it always be so? Will the day never come when they shall have better amusements presented to them—when they shall yearn for a healthier life? Will they never have an ambition, or one desire to

"Peer into the future, far as human eye can see?"

Will they never be lifted above the slavery of beer, and the companionship of the tap-room? The coming years will tell us; but if the answer is to be *yes*, we must think of the poor as *men*, not machines—we must reduce to daily practice what Judge Talfourd's tongue spoke of when it trembled in death on the Stafford Bench—we must have more sympathy, and, trusting in God, we must never grow weary in well-doing.

LET US WORK.

—:o:—

Let us work for humanity and God. Let us work to make the world happier and better. Let us “learn to labour and to wait.” Let us work to make our own life bright and beautiful. Let us work for the Saviour. Let us work and sing. Sing in the words of that glorious psalm, chanted by Scottish martyrs and heroes:—

“That man who, bearing precious seed,
In going forth doth mourn,
He doubtless bringing back his sheaves,
Rejoicing shall return.”

Yes, work and sing—sing and sow.

“Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil and pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.
“Sow; while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth’s bosom, weep,
If your warm tears fall upon it—
They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.
“Sow:—for the hours are fleeing,
And the seed must fall to-day;
Oh, care not what hand shall reap it,
Or if you have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.
“Sow; and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
When, in spite of the coward’s doubting,
Or your own heart’s trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

WHAT SHALL WE GIVE.

—:O:—

GIVE KNOWLEDGE, so that the old dark places of ignorance, and cruelty, and superstition, may be illumined with the dawn of intelligence, and the light of wisdom :

Give GOLD, so that the famished may be fed and starvation no more, with its livid and awful countenance, beat out the feeble life of men and women made in God's own image :

Give TRUTH, so that the long black night of error may die away ; so that the darkness of the land may be rung out ; so that falsehood and bigotry may be buried in the grave of infamy, and the spirit of virtue lift us all to the "common love of good" :

Give LOVE,—comprehensive love, love large enough to enfold all men as brothers, tender and unresting love, that will seek and search till there be joy over the sheep that *was* lost and *is* found, and over the son that was *dead* and is alive again :

Give KIND WORDS, so that the weak may be strengthened, so that the tempted may become more than conquerors, so that the wails of woe and the wrinkles of human sorrow may be hushed into rest, and smoothed into smiles of the "peace which passeth understanding:"

Give energy, give thought, give prayer, give "living epistleship," give the Gospel, so that every joy may be perfected, every duty be hallowed, every godly enterprize be prospered, every home be made happy, every man become free !

"Oh ! there is work to do
In England yet, and royal work for you.

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Much bitter life wants sweetening with the balms
That you can bring ; much need of more than alms !
In eyes wide open souls lie fast asleep,
With daylight on the face hearts darkly weep ;
Our world has many a ward where wounds and wails

Cry for a thousand Florence Nightingales.

"I know that knowledge through our land doth trail
With slow illumination of a snail!

But still we dream of some bright, better day,

And while we sleep the great Dawn comes our way.

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"Oh they shall bless you down in pit and den ;

Transforming slowly into women and men !

And smile, as leaves outsmile in first spring hours,

With livelier green, while fall the singing showers."

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AT A FREE TEA AND ENTERTAINMENT

Given to the poor of West Wickham.

—:o:—

I am very glad to see you here, looking so happy and enjoying yourselves so much. We have had many joyous meetings before, but I do not remember one so delightful as the present. I'll tell you how we came to think of these gatherings at all. Ten years ago, when we came to live at the Vicarage, my friends kept saying to me: Now, John, you must give a house warming. So one day I said to my wife, "We'll give a free tea to all the poor women of the place." We did so, and although ten years have passed away, I remember that meeting distinctly. Ever since then we have had an annual treat of this kind, inviting all our poor neighbours to come and join us at this festive and happy season. The other night when we formed our Sick Benefit Club, you stood up and gave me three cheers; but when you gave three for my dear wife, you touched a deeper chord in my heart, for she has always sympathised with my plans, and worked to carry them out, and without her co-operation I could not give such charming entertainments as these. I have much faith in such meetings. I believe they do great good. I am sure they give healthier desires and better tastes. A lady said to me the other day, "Do you think the poor man wants any taste?" "Oh yes," is my reply, "he may have a taste only for that which degrades—a taste only for the pipe and pot—a taste only for that which sears the heart and debauches the intelligence; but I long to see him have a taste for the manly and the good; and just as I have seen the flowers bud and blossom into beauty outside his cottage door, so may the flowers of love, and peace, and purity, and gentleness, and temperance bloom in his heart, and throw their fragrance around his own fireside."

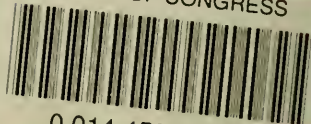
Oh, my friends and neighbours, cultivate a taste for better things. Strive to be good labourers—good servants—good sons—good husbands—good fathers. Give your hearts to God. I look around this hall, and old familiar faces are missing. They were with us last year; but now they have gone home! Home to rest, and heaven, and God. Let us tread softly, and walk humbly, let us be watchful and prayerful, let us try to do all the good we can, let us seek to extend the Redeemer's Kingdom, let us commit our way unto the Lord—then, when all our work is over, and our earthly joys and sorrows are ended, we too shall doubtless go home to “the rest which remaineth for the people of God.”



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

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